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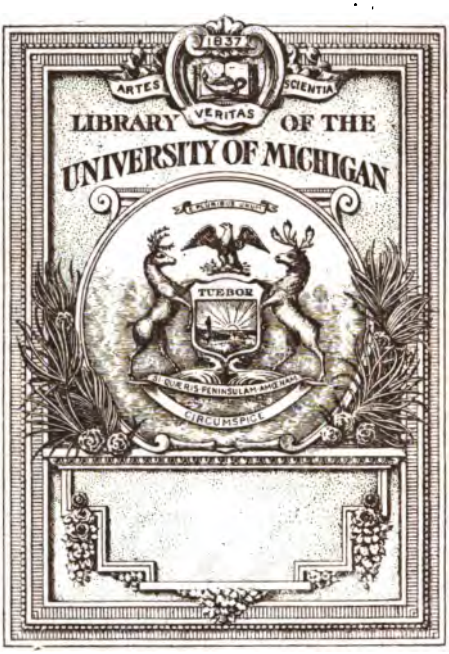
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English Classics — Star Series

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

HELEN GRAY CONE

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE NORMAL COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION

I. THE ELIZABETHAN HABIT OF SPEECH

In order to read Shakespeare with ease and enjoyment, we must get into the way of taking certain things for granted. It will secure the student, in advance, against many perplexities, if he will but recognize at once that all Shakespeare's persons, to whatever period and country they are supposed to belong, talk like Elizabethan Englishmen. That is to say, they use language freely, daringly, forcibly; inventing new expressions for the moment's need — strangely compounded adverbs, verbs joined to their objects, compound nouns rich with meaning, nouns suddenly used as verbs, foreign words quickly seized upon and fitted into English usage. They deal in metaphors so rapidly conceived in the swift play of conversation that one jostles another; in elliptical constructions, which serve in speech as short-hand does in writing. They help out the thought at every turn with movements of hand and eyebrow. If you will picture to yourself such an Elizabethan gentleman as may have sat upon the stage during the first performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, — a brilliant figure dressed in silk, velvet, or satin, with sleeves many times slashed to give glimpses of bright-colored linings; a man with his beard fantastically cut in the shape of a heart, or a spade, or a T, and perhaps with an earring in his ear, — you will see that this kind of person would not be likely to express himself in the manner to which you are accustomed. Our modern speech, like our modern fashion of dress, is soberer and simpler.

Speech uttered by persons like this, and intended to be immediately understood by other persons like this, can only

be apprehended now through the response of the reader's imagination. You cannot read Shakespeare in a perfectly prosaic mood and really understand what his characters say; and an editor cannot explain Shakespeare's words in a perfectly prosaic mood without taking the life out of them. There would be little comfort in reading Shakespeare in an interlinear edition; and to form a habit of looking up in explanatory notes such expressions as "want-wit," "vinegar aspect," "woven wings," "scarfèd bark," "wit-snapper," "blearèd visages," and so on, would be to cripple one's own powers. These expressions were intended to convey the speaker's meaning with electric swiftness; and they do so convey it, when we hear them well spoken on the stage.

II. USE OF THE NOTES

The student must, then, constantly use his own imagination in interpreting Shakespeare's language. But there are cases in which this key alone will not unlock the full meaning of a passage. Some notes are needed, and for the present edition two sets of notes have been supplied: explanatory notes, dealing with minor details; and extended suggestive and critical notes, dealing with the more vital matters of the play. In the former, the editor may sometimes have erred on the side of fullness; but it has been for the sake of those students to whom the best reference books are not at all times accessible.

It is not intended that either set of notes should be used by the student in his first reading. It is believed that the first reading of a play should correspond to the first seeing of it. The mind should grasp it as a whole, examination of details coming later. If one went to the theater to see, for the first time, *The Merchant of Venice* acted, it would certainly be very trying to have a companion who insisted on making explanations throughout. But the subsequent study of a

play, unless there be something wrong in the method of study, ought to make all future readings and presentations more enjoyable. The very first delight of the living, moving story, it is true, will be gone; but a deeper pleasure will have taken its place.

III. SHAKESPEARIAN GRAMMAR

In his second reading, or study, the student will find that some startling peculiarities of the Elizabethan grammatical structure, quite distinct from the free and fresh use of language already described, thrust themselves upon his notice. He discovers that certain rules of grammar, which he has been rightly taught that he must obey, had no force in Shakespeare's time; he learns that usage, three hundred years ago, differed much from our present usage. Here, again, we have something to take for granted: that a form occurring in Shakespeare, in the speech of persons above the peasant class, is generally, though not invariably, correct *according to Elizabethan custom.* Nothing can be more misleading, for instance, than to say that "Who love I so much?" (Act II, sc. vi, line 30,) is a mistake of Shakespeare's; though, on the other hand, it does us no harm to be reminded that the sentence would, if written to-day, be incorrect.

This difference of usage presents itself at many points. We meet it, for instance, in double negatives, in forms of the plural of verbs which appear to us to be the singular, in the unfamiliar force often given to prepositions. It does not seem necessary to state formally in the notes that when an Elizabethan said *on* he sometimes meant *of,* or that when he said *of* he sometimes meant *with.* As we read "I am glad on 't," Act II, sc. vi, line 67, the context shows us that *on* here means *of.* As we read "I am provided of a torch-bearer," Act II, sc. iv, line 23, we again see from the context

that *of* means *with*. "'Tis better in my mind not undertook," line 7 in the same scene, shows us that an Elizabethan was likely to use the preterite instead of the past participle. These things, and very many more, the student will gradually learn by experience; or, if he wishes, he may find them accurately formulated in Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*. Attention will be drawn to such matters, in this edition, only when it seems possible that the true meaning may otherwise escape; or when it seems profitable to notice, in passing, that what was right for Shakespeare would be glaringly wrong for us.

IV. SHAKESPEARE'S VERSE

(*This and the subsequent sections are meant to accompany intensive study.*)

a. In the original type of English blank verse, introduced by Lord Surrey, each line consists of five iambic feet. If we make *a* stand for an accented syllable, and *x* for an unaccented syllable, the formula will be: —

xa | *xa* | *xa* | *xa* | *xa*,

or, 5 *xa*. But if we prefer the old method of notation (somewhat objectionable because it suggests vowel-quantity instead of accent), we may write the formula thus: —

⏑ – | ⏑ – | ⏑ – | ⏑ – | ⏑ –.

It will easily be seen that such a form is too stiff and unyielding for dramatic dialogue. The Elizabethan dramatists created, for their needs, a more flexible type of blank verse, thus described by Dr. Ellis: "It is . . . divided into five groups, each of which *theoretically* consists of two syllables, of which the second only is accented." . . . But "*practi-*

cally many of the groups are allowed to consist of three syllables, two of them being unaccented. . . . The number of syllables may therefore be greater than ten, while the accents may be, and generally are, less than five."

b. To illustrate this last point take Act I, sc. i, line 3, of *The Merchant of Venice:* —

But how | I caught | it, found | it or | came by | it.

If we read this line naturally, we have: —

$$xa \mid xa \quad \mid xa \quad \mid xx \quad \mid xa \quad + x,$$

or

$$\cup — \mid \cup — \mid \cup — \mid \cup \cup \mid \cup — + \cup.$$

This gives us eleven syllables and four accents. The addition of the unaccented eleventh syllable, in plays produced by Shakespeare after his earliest period, is frequent, and helps to make the dialogue easy and musical.

c. The coupling of two unaccented syllables, as here in the fourth foot, is also frequent, and adds to the variety. If we were using formal terms, we should call it the substitution of a pyrrhic foot for an iambus. We also find similar substitutions of trochees and spondees; for instance, Act I, sc. i, line 18: —

— ∪
Plucking | the grass, to know where sits the wind;

and line 106: —

I must be one of these | same dumb | wise men.

d. In line 5 of Act I, sc. i, we make another discovery: —

I am | to learn.

Here we have a line of two feet. These short lines, of one, two, or three feet, occasionally occur in Shakespeare, most frequently in impressive positions, as at the beginning or the end of a speech.

e. If we look at Act II, sc. vii, lines 5, 7, and 9, we shall see that each contains six feet: —

Who choos | eth me | shall gain | what man | y men | desire.
Who choos | eth me | shall get | as much | as he | deserves.
Who choos | eth me | must give | and haz | ard all | he hath.

Dr. Abbott contends that the Alexandrine, or iambic hexameter, rarely occurs in Shakespeare; and it is certainly true that some apparent Alexandrines may be explained away, according to theories of accent and contraction. But such lines as those last cited are quite clear. Dr. Ellis says that Shakespeare "seems never to hesitate to use a pure Alexandrine when it suits his convenience."

f. As we continue reading the scene just referred to, we find that the verse of the "written scroll," lines 65–75, is rhymed trochaic tetrameter, with a syllable lacking at the end: —

All that | glisters | is not | gold.

This form, though not always lacking the last syllable, and sometimes intermingled with iambic verses (as 72), occurs in Shakespeare in special passages, like inscriptions, and the speech of witches and fairies; in short, in cases where the writer has reasons for wishing to deviate from his usual form.

g. At the end of a scene, or before the exit of an actor, Shakespeare often gives us a rhyming couplet, without changing the iambic pentameter form. (The jingle, in such a position, was then thought effective; indeed, perhaps it was often necessary, on account of the deficient scenery of the time, in order to notify the audience of some transition.) See the close of the scene under examination, lines 76, 77, before Morocco's exit, and lines 78, 79 at the close.

h. The strongest reason for paying particular attention to this matter of Shakespeare's verse, is that the beautiful poetry of the plays was meant to be heard. We lose half

of its beauty and of its moving power, if we do not read it aloud, or hear it delivered. And it cannot be delivered accurately and effectively without some understanding of the principles on which the verse is based. These principles once grasped, any one who is fortunate enough to possess a good ear may generally trust to it in his reading; bearing in mind, however, that (1) Elizabethan English, like the common speech of to-day, had many contractions which are not necessarily represented in print; that (2) it also had many convenient resolutions and expansions; and that (3) the accent frequently differed from that of our own time.

1. As an example of contraction, examine Act II, sc. iii, line 1, "I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so." Here we may, indeed, regard the first foot as an anapest, — that is, as composed of two unaccented syllables followed by an accented syllable, — illustrating Dr. Ellis's remark that practically many "groups" or feet are allowed to consist of three syllables. But it is highly probable that in rendering the line, the speaker slurred "I am" so that it became almost, or quite, "I'm." Whether a modern reader should so slur it or not, is a question of taste; but it is clear that such a rendering can do no harm.

One of these Elizabethan contractions is so common as to require special mention. The *th* in such a word as *whether, either, whither, rather,* was often dropped, and the word treated as a monosyllable. It is well that we should understand this fact, lest certain lines appear to us mysteriously awkward. Yet it would seem to most hearers a strange affectation, if, in reading Shakespeare aloud at the present day, we read "whe'r," "whi'r," "ra'r"; and it is simpler to fall back, in this case, on the theory of a three-syllabled foot, delivering the unaccented syllables lightly but perceptibly. Or we may be helped in rendering a line at once musically and intelligibly, by a knowledge of the apparent law that *er* final was sometimes treated like the French *re,*

especially before a vowel or a silent *h*; and that *el* and *le* final were also dropped or softened under similar conditions. (All of the foregoing remarks are illustrated by the note on Act I, sc. i, lines 46–50.)

2. For an example of expansion, turn to Act III, sc. ii, line 18: "And so all yours. O, these naughty times." We see that this line cannot be read satisfactorily unless "yours" be pronounced as a dissyllable. It does not follow that the word was not commonly a monosyllable, as it is with us; but it was lengthened at need. (Indeed, we ourselves sometimes lengthen it unconsciously in conversation, though we do not in verse.) In line 20 we find the same treatment of "yours," followed by the ordinary usage: —

˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ —
And so, | though you | -rs, *not* | yours. Prove | it so . . .

Here the first "yours" and "not" are in emphatic positions. (See also the word "opinion," in Act. I, sc. i, lines 91 and 102. In the former of these lines it has the customary pronunciation; in the latter the reader must go back to an earlier usage, and give it four syllables, as in Chaucer's English, where it occurs as "opinioun.") The treatment of final *ed* is also variable in Shakespeare.

3. Difference of accent is exemplified by Act II, sc. i, line 8. It is evident here, as in many other instances, that the accent was placed on the second syllable of "aspect."

V. EUPHUISTIC PROSE

For scenes of pure comedy, as well as for brief transitional scenes necessary to the action, Shakespeare generally employs prose. When the speakers are of the higher class, as in Act I, sc. ii, his prose style is often tinged with that fashion of discourse called Euphuism, which took its name from John Lyly's popular romance, *Euphues*, published in

Shakespeare's house, Stratford-on-Avon.

1579. Some of the characteristics of Euphuism have elsewhere been touched upon. (See I, *The Elizabethan Habit of Speech*, and also note on Act I, sc. i, line 19.) It may be added that the Euphuists were fond of antithesis, alliteration, the balanced sentence, and allusion, either to classic mythology or to those false notions of natural history which then prevailed. (See *As You Like It*, Act II, sc. i, lines 13, 14.) Under the affectation of the Euphuistic style there was often much good sense. Scott's picture of a Euphuist (Sir Piercie Shafton, in *The Monastery*) is, therefore, somewhat misleading, though it is a good caricature; like Shakespeare's own Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

VI. PLACE OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE AMONG SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

The few known facts of Shakespeare's life have probably been brought before the student; but it can do no harm to recapitulate them. We know from the record in the parish register of Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, that William, the son of John Shakespeare (or Shakspere) was baptized on April 26, 1564. We assume that he was born on the 23d. His boyhood and early manhood were passed in that pleasant country, and this may account for the lovely pastoral touches which we find scattered through his plays. He got a little schooling at the Stratford Grammar School. At nineteen he married Anne Hathaway, a young woman seven years older than himself, who lived at Shottery, not far from Stratford. At twenty-one or twenty-two Shakespeare left Warwickshire for London. His wife and three children, Susanna and the twins Hamnet and Judith, remained in Stratford. Shakespeare was probably led partly by a young man's desire to see the world, and partly by the necessity of pushing his fortunes. His

father, once a prosperous citizen, had long since fallen into poverty.

It appears that in London Shakespeare soon formed a connection with the theater, as an actor and also as an adapter of old plays. It was not very long before he began to produce plays of his own. It used to be generally believed that one of his earliest plays was *Titus Andronicus*, a bloody tragedy of a kind then very popular; but some Shakespeare scholars maintain that he had little, if any, connection with that disagreeable work. We may be quite sure that he wrote, at the beginning of his career, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The first is a little satirical comedy glittering with wit, the second broad farce with some poetic touches, and the third a romantic love-comedy. In certain ways it seems related to the beautiful love-tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, which also belongs to this period. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a love-comedy containing a delightful fairy element and also some scenes of broad rustic mirth, is the last of the non-historical plays written in what is commonly known as Shakespeare's First Period, which extends to about 1596. His English historical plays produced before that date are the *Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.* (the *First Part* was probably only retouched by him), *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *King John*. Shakespeare's two narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, were also written before 1596. It is of more interest to us that the Sonnets, some expressions in which help to throw light on the present play, probably began to be written about this time.

The precise date of the production of *The Merchant of Venice* cannot be ascertained. The conjectures of Shakespeare scholars on this point range from 1594 to 1598. In the account book or diary of the manager, Philip Henslowe, occurs an entry concerning "the Venesyon comodey," with the date 1594. Those who accept the earlier date base their

conclusions on this entry; but we cannot be certain that the Venetian comedy referred to was *The Merchant of Venice.* The later time-limit is fixed by the mention of *The Merchant* in a list of Shakespeare's plays, in the *Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Treasury,* of Francis Meres, 1598.

The Merchant, then, would appear to be either one of the last plays of the First Period, or one of the first plays of the Second Period. Now the Second Period, 1596 to 1601, is Shakespeare's sunny summer-time of comedy — a season so full of brightness that even its historical plays, the *First and Second Parts of Henry IV.* and *Henry V.,* contain comedy elements. We have the rough fun of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* followed by the more delicate mirth of *Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It,* and *Twelfth Night* — all three "joyous, refined, romantic." To this group of golden comedies *The Merchant* seems related, except for its tragic thread of interest, which suggests the graver work that Shakespeare had already done in *King John,* and the much greater work that he was yet to do, in the Third or Tragic Period (1601 to 1608). In a certain sense *The Merchant* is a mature production; yet it has in it the fervor and the fluency of youth.

It would be interesting to continue tracing the growth of Shakespeare's mind in his art; but we cannot now give more than a glance forward. The last of the Second Period plays, *All's Well that Ends Well,* has an autumnal sadness in it; the first play of the Third Period, *Measure for Measure,* is rather grim and cold. Two groups of great tragedies follow: the massive Roman plays, *Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus;* and the darker tragedies, *Hamlet* (which really in some respects stands by itself), *Othello, Macbeth,* and *King Lear.* Two strange and bitter plays, *Troilus and Cressida* and *Timon of Athens,* complete the period.

Between 1608 and his death in 1616 Shakespeare was living in Stratford as a prosperous gentleman. Four of the

five plays produced during this time are dramatic romances, based on themes of forgiveness and reunion: *Pericles*, of which only the best portion appears to be Shakespeare's, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*. The fifth is the English historical play, *Henry VIII.*, a part of which was probably written by John Fletcher.

It is as if we had been passing through connected rooms: the first a mere antechamber, the second full of light and color, the third dark, and the fourth again filled with a softer and tenderer light. To repeat, it is to the golden room, to the happy circle of choice comedies, that *The Merchant of Venice* belongs, despite the one dark thread in the weaving of its brilliant tapestry.

VII. SOURCE OF THE PLOT

It is always well to know something of the source from which Shakespeare took the plot of the play under consideration. In many cases the dramatist has made changes, more or less important, and these changes help us to understand his constructive art and to detect his point of view. In a composition as impersonal and mysterious as a drama all clews are precious.

It will be seen that there are two plots, or themes, combined in *The Merchant of Venice*: the Bond Story and the Casket Story. There are various remote sources to which each of these may be traced; but with us it is not a question of remote sources. We are not hunting for bits of curious knowledge, but trying to discover on what novel or play, or on what combination, Shakespeare based *The Merchant*.

In 1579 Stephen Gosson, in his onslaught on plays and players entitled *The School of Abuse*, mentioned with praise a play called *The Jew*, "shown at the Bull, . . . representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of Usurers." This play is lost; but Gosson's refer-

Shakespeare's tomb in the church at Stratford-on-Avon.

"Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare
To digg the dvst encloased heare
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

ence to it seems to establish the fact that there existed, before Shakespeare's *Merchant*, a play which combined the Bond Story and the Casket Story. The credit of this combination, then, belongs rather to the unknown author of *The Jew* than to his great successor.

It is most unfortunate that we cannot compare *The Merchant* with *The Jew;* but a resource is left us. We have the work on which *The Jew* is likely to have been founded.

In 1378 an Italian writer, calling himself Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, put forth a book of little novels entitled *Il Pecorone.* Among these stories is one which fully outlines the Bond Story, even to the circumstance of the heroine's disguising herself as a lawyer, and the complication in regard to her husband's ring. Though the three caskets are not introduced, the heroine is sought by many suitors, and she imposes upon them a singular test. Of this Italian book there was an edition published in 1565. Of course the unknown author of *The Jew* may have been able to read Italian; nor is it by any means certain that Shakespeare himself was unable to do so. But in any case "there is," says Dr. Furness, "no difficulty in supposing that a translation of *Il Pecorone* existed and was widely read, albeit no single copy has survived."

The student would find it highly interesting to read Dr. Johnson's epitome of the little novel in *Il Pecorone,* which Dr. Furness has inserted in the Appendix to the Variorum Edition of *The Merchant,* pp. 298–303. It would be well to note down the resemblances and the differences between the Italian story and Shakespeare's play. One would thus be enabled to appreciate the fine judgment shown, either by Shakespeare, who may have known this story as well as *The Jew,* or by the writer of the last-named play. One instance of difference will here suffice: the Italian narrator, at the end, marries Ansaldo (Antonio) to the "damsel" who fills in the story the place of Nerissa in the play.

The Casket Story was apparently adopted by the author of *The Jew* to fill a gap in the Italian narrative, caused by the omission of a crude and undramatic portion, the lady's test of her suitors. The English playwright found this Casket Story, no doubt, in the Gesta Romanorum, probably in Robinson's translation, issued in six editions between 1577 and 1601. Dr. Furness reprints the pertinent parts of this translation from Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*. .

There is another work which may perhaps have contributed to Shakespeare's *Merchant*. In 1596 was published a book called *The Orator*, "written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P." It consists of a set of "declamations" or arguments. Declamation 95, "Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian," puts the case of Shylock and Antonio (of course without names), first from the Jew's and afterward from the Merchant's point of view. This fact has influenced the conclusions of some editors as to the date of *The Merchant;* yet it seems to have no real bearing on that question, since there is nothing in the nature of the relation between the two works to determine which was the earlier.

It can hardly be said that Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, written about 1590, gave Shakespeare hints for his *Merchant*. The plots of the two plays are very different; and Marlowe's treatment of the character of Barabas contrasts strongly with Shakespeare's presentation of Shylock. It is natural, from the similarity of the general subject, that a few terms, situations, and reflections should be common to both. The plays may be read together, to show, not Shakespeare's likeness to Marlowe, but his difference from that splendid yet misguided master.

There existed a practical reason for Shakespeare's producing *The Merchant of Venice* between 1594 and 1596 or at latest 1598. If the public displayed interest in a certain subject, managers and playwrights were ready, in that day

as in this, to supply the demand. In 1594 Roderigo Lopez, an old Jewish physician of high standing, who had been employed by the Earl of Leicester and by Queen Elizabeth herself, was hanged in London for treasonable practices. There can be little doubt that Lopez had agreed to share in a Spanish plot against Antonio Perez, a pretender to the throne of Portugal, then living in London; but it was not really proved that he had plotted against the Queen. Lopez appears to have been a man of remarkable ability. The popular prejudice against him was very great, and many accounts of his "treason" were published. It is possible that Shakespeare knew the man; he certainly knew intimately Lord Southampton, a friend of the Earl of Essex; and Essex had formerly been the associate, and was finally the accuser, of Lopez. Whether or not we believe that personal knowledge of one intellectual and embittered Jew assisted Shakespeare in his creation of Shylock, we may readily conclude that public interest in the affair of Lopez drew the dramatist's attention to the subject. And it may have been chiefly this which induced him to remodel the old play called *The Jew*.

VIII. BASIS OF THE TEXT

During Shakespeare's lifetime two important quarto editions of *The Merchant* were published, both in the year 1600. The First Quarto was issued by James Robertes, and the Second Quarto by Thomas Heyes. In 1623 *The Merchant* was included in the First Folio. Examination shows the Folio text to be a reprint of the Second Quarto.

The present edition follows, except in rare cases to which attention is called in the explanatory notes, the text of the Globe Shakespeare, edited by William George Clark and William Aldis Wright, 1864. The Globe Editors have based their work on the First Quarto.

IX. TEST QUESTIONS

It has been the aim, in the present edition, to offer material for a thorough study of *The Merchant of Venice.* The arrangement of such material has, however, been governed by the consideration that in many schools it would be found desirable to take up the play for "reading" only, as that term is understood by the Committee on College Requirements. For "reading" the teacher will do well to drop all the latter part of the Introduction, and to use but a sparing selection from each set of notes. For "study," all the appliances may be fully used. The test questions here presented conform to these two types of work.

I. — For Reading

Requirement: "The candidate will be required to present evidence of a general knowledge of the subject-matter, and to answer simple questions on the lives of the authors. The form of examination will usually be the writing of a paragraph or two on each of several topics, to be chosen by the candidate from a considerable number."

Topics for Composition

A. 1. The Friendship of Antonio and Bassanio.
2. The Character of Portia.
3. The Story of Lorenzo and Jessica.
4. An Explanation of Shylock's Point of View.
5. A Brief Account of the Trial Scene.

B. 1. The Relations between Antonio and Shylock.
2. The Contrast between Morocco and Arragon.
3. The Story of Bassanio and Portia.
4. The Decision of Doctor Balthasar.
5. The Jest of the Rings.

C. 1. The Contrast between Gratiano and Antonio.
2. The Character and Fortunes of Launcelot Gobbo.
3. The Intention of Portia's Father, in the Test of the Caskets.
4. The Growth of Shylock's Purpose in regard to the Bond.
5. Description of the Final Scene at Belmont.

II. — For Study

A. 1. Comment on the sadness of Antonio; on the nature of his feeling for Bassanio.

2. Prove that Bassanio was not moved solely by a desire for Portia's wealth.

3. State the causes for Shylock's hatred of Antonio. Which do you consider most potent in influencing his action?

4. What contemporaneous events may have led Shakespeare to produce a play in which one of the central figures is a Jew?

5. In what ways may the following lines be scanned and read?

> "Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad
> Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
> For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry
> Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
> Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

6. Who speaks the following lines?

> "What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
> They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light."

Explain them, and show what trick of Elizabethan speech they illustrate.

B. 1. State the two opposite theories of the original purpose of Shylock in proposing the bond, and the arguments in favor of each.

2. What place does Gobbo fill in the play? Explain the development of this conventional figure.

3. What may have been Shakespeare's intention in contrasting Morocco and Arragon?

4. From what source did Shakespeare probably derive the combination of the bond and casket stories? From what source does he appear to have taken the details of the bond story?

5. How would you scan and read the following lines?

> "What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
> By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
> Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
> Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
> Builds in the weather on the outward wall."

6. Point out the Elizabethan idiom in the first two lines. How would the same idea be expressed to-day? Explain *fool multitude, martlet.*

C. 1. What are Portia's distinguishing characteristics? Give instances in which these appear, using, as far as possible, the language of the play.

2. Sketch, in the same way, the character of Jessica. In what point are Jessica and Portia most strongly contrasted?

3. What differentiates Lorenzo, throughout the play, from the other minor characters? What are the most marked traits of Gratiano?

4. What other important play of the Elizabethan time, still in existence, introduces a Jew as one of its principal characters? What appears to be Shakespeare's attitude toward the persons whom he sets before us in the present play? What is the place of *The Merchant of Venice* in his development as a dramatist?

5. Explain italicized words in the following passage: —

> "Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore
> To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
> Veiling *an Indian beauty;* in a word,
> The seeming truth which cunning times put on
> To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
> *Hard food for Midas,* I will none of thee."

6. Scan the first and fifth lines of the passage just given. Comment on the change of measure in the lines beginning,

> "All that glisters is not gold."

The Globe Theatre, London.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Duke of Venice.
The Prince of Morocco, } suitors to Portia.
The Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, a merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.
Salanio, }
Salarino, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a rich Jew.
Tubal, a Jew, his friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, the clown, servant to Shylock.
Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.
Balthasar, } servants to Portia.
Stephano, }
Portia, a rich heiress.
Nerissa, her waiting-maid.
Jessica, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

Scene: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont,*[1] *the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

[1] "Dr. Karl Elze maintains that Belmont must have been on the banks of the Brenta; and Th. Elze . . . narrows the locality to the neighborhood of Dolo, around which, from La Mira to Strà, on both banks of the Brenta, the magnificoes of Venice had, and still have, their palatial residences. . . . Belmont must be supposed to have been not far from the high road between Padua and Fusina." — Dr. Furness.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT I

SCENE I. *Venice. A street*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought

What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes and creeps into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks —
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?
Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;

And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

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PORTIA.

Ada Rehan

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose!" I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection

towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say "If you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his

doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Venice. A public place*

Enter Bassanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep —
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third —

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who then conceiving did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast;
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate —
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this:
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys"?
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.
Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu:
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and others attending.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince

That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

Scene II. *Venice. A street*

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as

aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter OLD GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO *with* LEONARDO *and other followers.*

Bass. You may do so: but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these

letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify —

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve, —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify —

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins —

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you —

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire

My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table! which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and* OLD GOBBO.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show

JESSICA.

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say "amen,"
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* SHYLOCK'S *house*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:

Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.]
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging and return,
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her; speak it privately. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Go, gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SALAN.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before* SHYLOCK'S *house*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio: —
What, Jessica! — thou shalt not gormandise,

As thou hast done with me: — What, Jessica! —
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out; —
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were "Farewell mistress;" nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Scene VI. *The same*

Enter Gratiano *and* Salarino, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!
Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours!
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;

Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Belmont. A room in* Portia's *house*

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, *with the* Prince of Morocco, *and their trains.*

Por. Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give: for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*
Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.
[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII. *Venice. A street*

Enter Salarino *and* Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:

"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!"

Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats."
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house*

Enter NERISSA *with a* Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire! that "many" may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,

And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here: what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *Venice. A street*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was

fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian

example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALAN., SALAR., *and* SERVANT.

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why, then, loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well, —

And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, —
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. "Confess" and "love"
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:

If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;

"And here choose I: joy be the consequence!"

And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love,
Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*]
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes, —
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no:
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier then in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,

Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.
Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!
Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!
Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved: for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here

To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.
Por. Is this true, Nerissa?
Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
Gra. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salanio, welcome hither:
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Salan. I did, my lord:
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Salan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salanio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Salan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Salan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had

The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Venice. A street*

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Belmont. A room in* Portia's *house*

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit

Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,

How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A garden*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only "cover" is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither: I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;

And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice*

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Salan. He is ready at the door: he comes my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,

Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
For affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig:
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that — than which what's harder? —
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer

"The slaves are ours:" so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salan. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presenting a letter*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
Clerk. [*Reads*] Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so

old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, ~~Jew~~,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant ~~there~~.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be: there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?
"Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

"Tarry a little; there is something else."

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter:
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh:"
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too

Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and his train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield,
[*To Ant.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

[*To Bass.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand: I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.
Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A street*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
[*Aside to Por.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to* PORTIA'S *house*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?
Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Ner.*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."
Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.
Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring
And would conceive for what I gave the ring
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me.
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself —

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
Por. I had it of him. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome:
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Act I. Scene I

Enter Salarino and Salanio. The names of these gentlemen are variously spelled in the early Folios and Quartos, and the similarity of the abbreviations there used has led modern editors to question what is the proper assignment of speeches. As the two are not important persons of the play, our uncertainty as to Shakespeare's intention need not trouble us.

5 **I am to learn.** We should now say, "I have to learn," *i.e.* "I do not know." On the line, see Introduction, IV. *d*.

8 **ocean.** A trisyllable, as in Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*, where it rhymes with "began." See Introduction, IV. *h*. 2.

9 **argosies**: large merchant ships, which, it is now supposed, took their name from the Dalmatian seaport Ragusa, sometimes called in sixteenth-century English Arragosa. The associations of the word are rich, as these vessels had generally a precious freight.

11 **pageants.** Shakespeare probably had in mind here the huge representations of divers objects — ships among them — drawn about the London streets in a procession, like the "floats" of modern times. Line 11 is parenthetical. (A pageant seems to have been, originally, the wagon or movable stage on which a single play of the Collective Mysteries was presented. The word was next applied to the short Scriptural play itself, as, for example, "the pageant of Noah's flood"; and later it was used for any gorgeous spectacle.)

12 **traffickers**: traders; here used, it is evident, for small trading-vessels.

10–14 Notice how these similes melt into metaphor, through the phrases *on the flood* and *of the sea*. The two prepositions have the same force, the expressions being equivalent to "sea-burghers," "sea-pageants." In the verb *curtsy* the transition is complete, and we have metaphor, in that particularly vivid form which takes another name, because it ascribes personality to the object.

18 It was usual to say "The wind *sits* in a certain quarter." What forms do we now use? What is here gained by the substitution of *sits* for "sat"? Would not the latter, following *should be*, be more correct?

19 The repetition of sound in this line is an instance of the taste of Shakespeare's time. The Elizabethan loved alliterations, jingles, and plays upon words. He enjoyed the sparkle of a pun just as he did the changing light in the jewel on his finger. See also sc. ii, lines 6, 7, "mean"; line 22, "will"; line 37, "colt"; and lines 58, 60, "say to." Which of the dictionary definitions of *road* applies to the present case?

27 **Andrew**: the supposed vessel's name. It has been conjectured that it was then a favorite name for ships, taken from that of the Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria.

27 **dock'd**. Bearing in mind the remarks in the Introduction, I, what can you make of this participle, tracing its meaning from the noun "dock"?

28 **Vailing**: lowering, as in salutation.

28 **high-top**: a ship's top or masthead. What picture of the wrecked ship do you form? How is she lying?

29 **her burial**: that which buries her, *i.e.* the sand. But definition does not render all the suggestiveness of the phrase *to kiss her burial*.

35 **but even now worth this**. How would you make the word *this* emphatic, and intelligible to the audience, if you were acting the part of Salarino?

42 What figure of rhetoric do we find in *bottom*? Is there a similar usage in Latin?

44 **Upon**: dependent upon. There is an unaccountable inconsistency here; compare the statement in 177.

46–50 Probably Antonio's gesture of denial, and a brief pause,

with a searching look from Salarino, fill the time required for line 46, taking the place of the last foot. The irregularity of the succeeding lines well represents Salarino's rapid, informal talk. Line 47 may be read as a satisfactory pentameter by several methods: —

1. Not in | love nei|ther ? Then | let us say | you are sad.
2. Not in | love nei|ther ? Then | let's say | you're sad.
3. Not in | love { n'er ? / neith'r ? } | Then let | us say | { you are sad. / you're sad. }

The third reading involves a change of emphasis. *Er* has sometimes the sound of the French *re*. See Introduction IV. *a*, and *h*. 1.

In line 48 the fourth foot may be read as an anapest, or it may be held that the last syllable of *merry* is merged in *and*.

In line 49 the last foot may be contracted or not, according to pleasure; an unaccented syllable is added, as in 48; see Introduction, IV. *b*. Line 50 is, the editor believes, a hexameter. See Introduction, IV. *e*.

What was the office of *Janus*, in the Roman mythology, and how was he represented? Why is the oath *by Janus* appropriate here?

52, 53 Describe the face which is pictured to your imagination by these two lines, giving *peep* its full force.

54 **other.** Frequently used as a plural in Shakespeare's time, as in Job xxiv. 24: "They are taken out of the way as all other, and cut off as the tops of the ears of corn."

54 **vinegar aspect.** See Introduction, I. and IV. *h*. 3.

56 **Nestor**: the wise old king who appears in the *Iliad;* here made a type of gravity — by what figure of rhetoric? Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I, sc. iii, line 65: —

"As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver," etc.

61 **prevented me**: taken precedence of me, and forestalled my intention. What is the derivation of the word?

66 Bassanio presses his friends to appoint some time for a mirthful meeting; Salarino (line 68) prefers to leave it to him.

67 **must it be so?** probably refers to the "strangeness" of which Bassanio playfully complains; but it may mean, "Must you really go now?" We still frequently hear, "You're quite a stranger."

69 Notice the pronunciation of both these proper names which is demanded by the measure. Abbott notes (Section 469, *Shakespearian Grammar*) that polysyllabic names often receive but one accent.

72 See Introduction, IV. *d.*

74 **respect upon**: care about, mindfulness of; literally, looking upon. Compare Isaiah xvii. 7: "At that day shall a man look to his Maker, and his eyes shall have respect to the Holy One of Israel."

79 **play the fool.** This must have had a special meaning to any one familiar with the Elizabethan stage. The Vice, or jester, was a favorite character in the earlier English plays; and Shakespeare, following the custom, created for his public a number of professional fools, such as Touchstone in *As You Like It* and Olivia's clown in *Twelfth Night.*

82 **mortifying.** Here used in the sense indicated by the derivation of the word: death-causing. It was then believed that groans and sighs shortened life.

85 **the jaundice.** This malady may proceed from a troubled state of mind. See Dr. Holmes, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table:* "She did not write a mournful poem . . . but she quietly turned of a deep orange color with jaundice."

88 **sort**: set, company. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream,* Act III, sc. ii, line 13:—

> "The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort."

89 **cream and mantle.** See Introduction, I.

90 Supply "who" before *do.* For the commonness of ellipsis, see Introduction, I; in particular, the nominative was often omitted.

90 **entertain**: keep up, maintain.

91 **to be dress'd in an opinion**: to be invested with a reputation.

92 **conceit**: conception, thought.

93 **As who should say.** An idiom meaning, nearly, "as if one should say," or "like one who should say."

98 Supply "they" before *would*. See 90.

99 Cf. Matthew v. 22.

101 **this melancholy bait**: this bait of melancholy.

102 **this fool gudgeon.** The word *fool* has here an adjective force, as also in Act II, sc. ix, line 26. *Gudgeon* is a certain fish easily caught, according to Izaak Walton. It would be well to determine what figures of rhetoric appear in these two lines.

102 **opinion**: reputation, as before. For the pronunciation, see Introduction, IV. *g*. 2.

108 **moe**: more.

110 **for this gear**: on account of this stuff [that you have said].

112 **vendible**: marketable, *i.e.* disposable in marriage. See *As You Like It*, Act I, sc. ii, line 103, and Act III, sc. v, line 60. This bit of doggerel is in keeping with the "skipping spirit" of Gratiano. It would not be profitable to scan the lines, which are quite lawless metrically.

113 "Now what does that amount to?"

116 **shall**: may, as frequently in Shakespeare. The same usage is to be found in Emerson's *Essays*, but not in the ordinary speech of to-day.

124 **something**: somewhat.

124 **swelling**: extravagant.

124 **port** is usually explained as "state"; but it seems to have its usual force (carriage, bearing) extended to the general conduct of life, the carrying on of affairs.

129 **my time**: *i.e.* time of life. See Sonnet LXXIII:—

> "That time of year thou mayst in me behold."

Bassanio's "time of year" was "proud-pied April" (Sonnet XCVIII), or "costly summer," Act II, sc. ix, line 94.

130 **gaged**: pledged.

135 **it**: the enterprise you purpose.

136, 137 "If it be such that Honour may look upon it."

139 **occasions**: necessities. See Introduction, IV. *h*. 2.

141 **his.** This was still used in Shakespeare's time as the possessive case of *it*, the form *its* being rare.

141 **flight**: range of flight. The second arrow was exactly like the first in length and weight, and hence would have the same range, and, if aimed "the self-same way," would fall near its fellow.

142 **advised**: careful. How many syllables are required?

143 In *adventuring*, the third syllable, being unaccented, was probably softened in speaking the line, which may be read as an Alexandrine, unless one prefers to render the second foot "th' ōthĕr fōrth." According to Dr. Abbott's rules, we should contract thus: "th' o(th)er," — reducing three syllables to one, and the line to a pentameter. See Introduction, IV. *h*. 1.

144 **childhood proof**: proof belonging to the period of childhood. *Childhood* is here treated as a genitive used adjectively, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III, sc. ii, line 202: —

> "All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence."

146, 147 This is one of those twisted sentences, capriciously changing its subject, which we are now taught to avoid. The logical and grammatical close would be, "that which I owe, I have lost."

148 **self**: same.

150, 151 *Or* and *or* are still used as corresponsive conjunctions in poetry. Try to find a modern example.

154 **circumstance**: circumlocution; "beating about the bush."

160 **prest**: ready, prompt; from the Old French. It would be interesting to the student to trace the connection with *presto*.

163 **sometimes**: formerly; at a certain time in the past. Compare sc. ii, lines 98–106.

165 **undervalued**: inferior.

166 To know what this meant to Shakespeare, we must have read *Julius Cæsar*, Act II, sc. i. How many syllables must we give to the name *Portia* in this line? See Introduction, IV. *h*. 2.

170 **a golden fleece**. Consult a classical dictionary for the whole story of Jason's voyage in the *Argo* to seek the golden fleece, which, guarded by a dragon, hung in a sacred grove at Colchos. These old Greek stories were very familiar to

the Elizabethans, who constantly drew upon them for illustration. The basis of this happy simile is the combination of color and preciousness. Many Venetians had beautiful red-golden hair, as we see in the pictures of Titian, Giorgione, and others.

178 For a possible treatment of *neither* in this line, see note on 46–50.

Act I. Scene II

1 Notice the change of form. See Introduction, V. Which of the characteristics of Euphuism do you find in this scene?

6 **mean**: small.

7 **the mean**: the middle. What is the rhetorical term for this trick of language? See note on sc. i, line 19.

7, 8 **comes by**: gets. See sc. i, line 3. How would you put into other words the ideas here embodied in *superfluity* and *competency*? What is the figure?

9 **sentences**: wise sayings. Look up the derivation of *sententious*.

16 **The brain . . . the blood.** In Shakespeare we find again and again a contrast between *the blood*, *i.e.* impulse, passion, and *the brain*, reason or "judgement," the last term being most commonly used.

> "If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions." — *Othello*, Act I, sc. iii, line 330.
>
> "Blest are those
> Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please." — *Hamlet*, Act III, sc. ii, line 73.

35 **level at**: aim at, as in directing an arrow.

37 **colt**. A play on the word, which sometimes meant "a witless youngster." — Dr. Johnson.

40 **County Palatine**: "count palatine . . . not the title of a particular office, but an hereditary addition of dignity and honour, gotten by service done in a domesticall charge." (Cotgrave, quoted by Dr. Skeat.)

41, 42 "If *I* don't suit you, use your pleasure!"

43 **the weeping philosopher.** This name was given to Heraclitus of Ephesus, who lived about 500 B.C. Democritus was "the laughing philosopher."

48 Compare the preposition in 58.

60 **say to.** See note on sc. i, line 19.

63 **proper**: handsome.

65 **suited**: clad.

66 **round hose**: trunk hose, stuffed breeches. An Italian costume of the sixteenth century, including the quilted doublet, may be seen by looking at the queer little figure of Punch in the English illustrated paper of that name.

72 **sealed under.** The Clarendon Press editors point out that the principal was said to "seal to" a bond; his surety "sealed under." This allusion to the traditional good feeling between Scotland and France, and their joint hostility to England, must have delighted a London audience in Queen Elizabeth's days; but in the First Folio, published while James I. was king, "other" is prudently substituted for "Scottish."

78 **and the worst fall**: if the worst befall. *And* frequently has this meaning; it is sometimes written *an*.

80, 81, 82 In which of these cases does *should* conflict with modern usage?

89 **determinations** may be regarded as singular in thought, since the determinations of Portia's suitors were the same; and perhaps this is the reason for the singular verb.

91, 92 **by some other sort**: in some other manner. Compare *The Tempest*, Act IV, sc. i, line 146: "You do look, my son, in a moved sort." But Richard Grant White believed that the word is here used in its radical sense; Latin *sors*, a lot.

93 **Sibylla.** Used for the Cumæan Sibyl, to whom, as Ovid tells the story, Apollo promised years as many as the grains of sand in her grasp.

95 **this parcel of wooers are.** A grammatical confusion common enough in Shakespeare, which would be most deplorable at the present day. Compare sc. i, line 88.

95 **parcel**: set, company.

96 **his very absence.** The wittiness of this saying consists in the

surprise. We expected some other word to follow *very*, and Portia startles us with an anticlimax and a paradox.

108, 109 **four strangers . . . a fifth.** Six have been mentioned; but probably there were only four in the original manuscript; two, it would appear, were subsequently introduced in the stage version, and the author forgot to change these lines.

112, 113 **so . . as.** What should we use to-day?

114 **condition:** disposition, temper.

114 **complexion.** A dark complexion was looked upon with disfavor in Shakespeare's time. Compare Sonnet CXXVII: "In the old age black was not counted fair."

115 **shrive:** absolve. "I would rather have him for my confessor than for my husband."

117, 118 Portia's gayety of heart appears in these irresponsible lines. It would be useless to scan them; but they may be rendered tolerable to the ear by slurring *wooer*.

Act I. Scene III

1 **ducats.** A ducat was literally a coin issued by a duke. It took its name from the word *Ducatus*, a duchy, occurring in a Latin motto sometimes inscribed on the ducat. Ducats were coined both in gold and in silver. Coryat says in his "Crudities" that in Venice, in 1608, a ducat was worth 4*s.* 6*d.* (roughly speaking, a United States dollar).

6 **May you stead me?** "Can you assist me?"

6 **stead:** stay, hold up. Compare *The Tempest*, Act I, sc. ii, line 165: "Stuffs and necessaries Which since have steaded much."

11 **good:** of sound credit.

17 **upon the Rialto.** Similar to the London phrase "on 'Change." *The Rialto*, Staunton explains, was a name given to three distinct places in Venice: (1) the island at the farther side of the Grand Canal; (2) the Exchange on that island; (3) the bridge connecting the island with St. Mark's Quarter. Here Shylock means the Exchange. Of this Exchange Coryat writes: "The Rialto . . . is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the

Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day. . . . This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with bricke as the palaces are, adorned with many faire walkes or open galleries, . . . and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it." The word *Rialto* seems originally to have meant "high shore."

18 **squandered**: scattered.

24, 25 "I assure you" is so commonly used in the sense of "I emphatically declare to you," without any thought of the exact meaning of *assure*, that the repetition here has the force of a pun. Bassanio means, "Rest satisfied you may"; Shylock answers, "I *will* be made certain," in a keen and dry manner that points the change of meaning.

29 **Nazarite**. Properly, in modern use, not a dweller in Nazareth, but one who has taken certain vows; compare Judges xiii. 5: "The child shall be a Nazarite unto God." In Shakespeare's time and earlier, however, *Nazarite* was also the usual English word for a man of Nazareth; and it is so given in all translations of the Bible before the King James's version.

35 **a fawning publican**. It remains a puzzle why Shylock should apply this term to Antonio. Certainly the latter's manner is anything but "fawning." *Publican* may mean a farmer of taxes under the Roman government; and this would be a Jew's association with the word. On the other hand, it may mean, as it often does, an innkeeper. In neither case does it appear appropriate to Antonio, even from Shylock's point of view. We are led to suspect that there is a hopeless corruption of the text.

36 **for**: because.

39 **usance**. Interchangeably used, in this play, with "interest" and "usury." Find in the dictionary the difference in the modern application of the latter words. Shylock means "the rate of interest."

40 **upon the hip**: at advantage; a term of wrestling.

53 **desire**. Probably lengthened in pronunciation; unless we may suppose a pause, filled by Shylock's salutation to Antonio. See Introduction, IV. *h*. 2.

56 **excess**: interest, *i.e.* excess over the sum lent, returned when the debt is paid.

58 **possess'd**: informed; put into possession of the fact in question. To whom does Antonio address this last sentence?

61 To whom does Shylock say, "You told me so"?

63 **Methought**. It is well to remember that in this expression *me* is a dative, and *thought* an impersonal verb coming from the Anglo-Saxon *thincan*, to seem (not from *thencan*, to think).

64 "It has never been my custom."

72 **were compromised**: had made an agreement. Shylock gets his story from Genesis xxx.

73 **eanlings**: new-born lambs.

78 **Fall**. Here a transitive verb, not as in 74.

88 It is supposed that Antonio alludes to Matthew iv. 6; but this is not necessarily the case.

95 **beholding**. Here used instead of the more common and more correct "beholden"; indebted.

97 **rated**: harshly reproved.

100 A metaphor. "A patient bearing is the distinguishing mark of my race." The figure gains force, no doubt, from the presence of an actual badge, to which Shylock points in illustration; probably his orange-tawny cap or turban, though he may have worn a red hat, as a Jew born in Italy.

102 **gaberdine**: a gown or frock, apparently not different among the Jews from the same garment as worn by others. The phrase is, then, a condensation of "upon my gaberdine, because it is Jewish," *i.e.* belongs to a Jew.

105 **Go to**. This colloquial expression may be variously rendered, according to the context. Here it is equivalent to "Well," as above, but with a slight shade of reproof. See note on Act II, sc. ii, line 146.

119 Notice the impressiveness of the broken line. See Introduction, IV. *d*.

124 Antonio's argument is that money cannot really multiply itself. For Shylock's use of the same term, cf. line 86.

126 See note on sc. i, lines 146, 147.

130 **doit**: a Dutch coin of that time, of very small value.

132, 133 It is interesting to know that these lines, which appear irregular, are really following an unwritten law. Dr. Abbott points out (Section 514, *Shakespearian Grammar*) that Shakespeare sometimes treats interruptions as parenthetical, and forming no part of the complete line. Thus, the real line 132 would be:—

This is kind I offer. [ ] This kindness will I show.

To reduce this to a satisfactory pentameter, we must remember that *er* has often the sound of French *re*, and must either consider that the first foot is an anapest, or that *is* is merged in *this*. Abbott prints "this kind."

135 **single.** A single bond, in legal phraseology, was a bond without a condition attached. This certainly does not describe the bond proposed by Shylock; hence the legal sense of the word does not seem to be intended. The Clarendon Press editors think that Shylock means a bond without sureties, having Antonio's signature only. But perhaps *your single bond* is equivalent to "your mere bond," and presents an example of transferred epithet, meaning "merely seal me your bond." Shylock is belittling the operation by which the money is to be raised.

139 **nominated for**: named as.

139 **equal**: just, exact.

151 **teaches.** Possibly this form of the verb, with a plural subject, is a survival of an early English usage, the formation of the plural in *es*. "To" is omitted before *suspect*.

156 This may be called an Alexandrine, or we may prefer to call it a case of the insertion of two unemphatic syllables after the second foot. Whatever term we use, we should touch the last syllables of *estimable* very lightly in reading.

165 **fearful**: causing (me) fear. This is one of the adjectives which may be either active or passive in meaning.

168–171 See Introduction, IV. *g*.

ACT II. SCENE I

Enter the Prince of Morocco. The First Folio adds, "a tawnie Moore all in white."

1 **complexion.** See Introduction, IV. *h.* 2.

2 Explain the figures in this line. The connotation of the word *livery*, in Shakespeare's time, made the word more suitable for poetry than it would now be. Associations with the old system of retainers and cognizances clung about it. Compare Milton, *Comus:* —

> "And send a liveried angel, if need were."

6 **make incision.** This violent proof of love was not unknown among the young gallants of the Elizabethan period, as we find in the plays of Ben Jonson and Fletcher.

9 **fear'd**: made afraid.

18 **wit**: wisdom.

25, 26 **the Sophy**: the Emperor of Persia. Apparently Morocco served under Sultan Solyman the Magnificent in the first half of the sixteenth century, and slew the Sophy, and also a Persian prince who had previously defeated Solyman in three battles. Shakespeare is rather seeking to convey a general notion of Morocco's prowess than to be historically accurate.

31 **alas the while!** This exclamation really means little more than *alas*, though literally its significance would be "alas for the present time!" Compare sc. ii, line 63, "Alack the day."

32 **Lichas** was the servant of *Hercules*, or *Alcides*.

32, 33 What is the ellipsis before *which*?

42 **advised.** See Act I, sc. i, line 142.

43 The double negative is proper in Shakespeare, as in Chaucer.

44 **temple**: loosely used for church. Morocco was to take a solemn vow.

46 **blest.** The meaning is "*most* blest." The Elizabethans often attached terminations to a second adjective which affected the preceding adjective also, or the reverse. But in this case perhaps the syllable *est* has been absorbed.

ACT II. SCENE II

Enter Launcelot. The First Folio has, "Enter the Clowne alone." This indicates that Gobbo, though not represented as a professional jester, was intended to supply, in the present play, the element of coarse fun usually provided by the fool in the drama. See note on Act I, sc. i, line 79. From such a fellow we expect whimsical remarks, with only a slight thread of sense to hold them together; and we need not trouble ourselves to reconcile the inconsistencies of his speech, for in those very inconsistencies its drollery resides. Compare Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's comedy, *The Rivals*, for curious errors like *incarnal* for "incarnate," line 23; *frutify* for "certify," line 122; *impertinent* for "pertinent," line 125; and in the speech of Old Gobbo, whose eccentricities of language are similar, *defect* for "effect," line 130.

7, 8 To **scorn with the heels** was frequently used for "to spurn."

9 **pack**: begone. "Pack yourself off." *Via!* was the word of encouragement then used to horses; it was probably from the Italian, and meant "Away!"

10 **for the heavens.** This was generally equivalent to the oath "by heaven"; but its force here appears to be "for heaven's sake."

15 **grow to.** The Clarendon Press editors explain this as "a household phrase, applied to milk when burnt to the bottom of the saucepan," in which case it has *a kind of taste.*

20 The parenthetical exclamation *God bless the mark!* is difficult to explain. Originally, perhaps, it accompanied the action of making the sign of the cross ("the mark") to avert evil of any kind; and possibly Launcelot so uses it, before his mention of the devil. (But in many other cases it occurs with an ironical force, as "forsooth" or "indeed" is sometimes used; compare Othello, Act I, sc. i, line 33, and 1 Henry IV., Act I, sc. iii, line 56.)

22 **saving your reverence,** also parenthetical, is like the phrase "with all due respect"; the speaker excuses himself in advance for saying something improper.

23 **in my conscience**: in my conception, according to my notion of the matter; a play on the word.

31 **sand-blind**: partly blind, as opposed to "stone-blind"; Launcelot invents an intermediate condition, *high-gravel blind.* It would be interesting to look up the derivation of *sand-* in this old compound adjective.

32 **try confusions.** "I'll try conclusions with him" was a stock expression meaning "I'll argue with him." The reason for Launcelot's amendment sufficiently appears in his next speech.

36 **marry.** A familiar expletive, originally the oath "by Mary," or an appeal to the Virgin, but harmlessly used, in Shakespeare's time, without that sense. It corresponds to our "indeed," "however," "well then," or various other forms, according to the general character of the passage.

39 **sonties.** A word of doubtful meaning. It is possibly from the French *santé*, health; possibly a corrupt diminutive, equivalent to "dear little saints"; possibly a perversion of "sanctities."

47 **well to live**: likely to live long.

48 **a'.** A colloquialism for "he."

51 **ergo.** Launcelot has picked up a scrap of Latin, and uses it as a flower of speech, without much meaning, except perhaps in line 54.

55 **father.** Here, and in line 139, used only as a familiar form of address to an old man.

83 **thou.** Note the change from the more respectful and formal *you*, proper in addressing a superior.

84, 85 **Lord worshipped might he be!** *Might* was then used to express a wish, as we now use "may"; the sense is simply, "The Lord be worshipped!" The exclamation expresses Old Gobbo's surprise and pleasure at the growth of Launcelot's beard. (It is stage tradition for the rogue Launcelot to kneel with his back to his father; the old man, stroking his son's long hair, takes it for a beard.)

86 **fill-horse**: thill-horse, *i.e.* horse that goes in the shafts or thills.

94, 95 **set up my rest.** It is clear enough that this expression means "made up my mind"; but not so clear what is the

metaphor involved. Perhaps the *rest* or support of the heavy old matchlock is meant; in that case the figure would be: "I have fixed my rest firmly in the ground, and am ready to level my piece." Perhaps the *rest* or wager of the card-player is meant; in that case the figure would be: "I have laid down the sum betted, backing the cards I have in my hand." It will be seen that either action is decisive. Notice the play on words.

99 **me**: for me; a dative.

106 **put the liveries to making**: set the tailor to making the liveries.

110 **Gramercy!** many thanks; from the French *grand merci.*

114 **infection**: possibly a twisting of "affection," in the sense of "desire."

119 **cater-cousins**: "a term formerly applied to persons on terms of 'cousinship,' intimate friendship, or familiarity with each other, who, though not cousins by blood, were 'next cousins' in some respect, or perhaps called each other 'cousin' from some community of life, interests, or employments." — Murray, *New English Dictionary.* The meaning of *are scarce cater-cousins* appears to be, "do not agree very well."

133 **preferr'd.** This word combines the sense of "recommended" and "transferred," and also conveys the idea of promotion, to which *preferment* is equivalent.

136 **The old proverb.** The pithiest version of the saying referred to is the Scotch: "God's grace is gear enough."

142 **guarded**: ornamented with lace or galloon.

143 **in**: "into the house with you," — "go in." Shylock's house is probably not far away, despite Launcelot's lucid direction.

145 **table**: the palm of the hand. This is one of the few cases in which the present edition differs from the Globe text. An exclamation point is inserted after table, in accordance with the suggestion of Kenrick, quoted with approval by Furness.

145, 146 These lines have given great trouble to commentators. The difficulty may be met by understanding a few words which Launcelot evidently had in mind, but did not feel

bound to supply. "Well (I'll be hanged [or some equivalent expression]), if any man in Italy have a fairer table (than this); which doth offer to swear upon a book (that) I shall have good fortune." "Doth offer to swear upon a book" is merely his whimsical way of saying "doth offer to testify (by its lines);" and the words are peculiarly appropriate, as the palm would be laid upon the book in swearing.

146 **Go to.** This elastic expression should, in the present instance, require no explanation for any one who has ever heard the Southern "go 'long," or "go 'way," or the rough "ah, go on" of the New York streets.

146 **simple**, *i.e.*, poor, mean, is, of course, ironic, being part of the unctuous pretended depreciation by which Launcelot shows his relish for his promised good fortune.

148 **coming in**: inheriting (for inheritance); as one is said to "come into" a fortune; acquisition.

152 **for this gear**: for this business (of promising me such wonderful things — or, perhaps, of getting me into Bassanio's service).

170 **liberal**: free. Furness suggests "free-and-easy."

175 **habit.** Gratiano is using a metaphor (compare the same speaker's "to be dressed in an opinion," Act I, sc. i, line 91), and is at the same time playing on the word *habit*, and giving it the double sense of "customary demeanor," and "costume." For the same metaphor see line 187.

179 **Thus with my hat.** It was customary to wear hats during dinner.

181 **studied**: prepared by study, as an actor would be in his part.

181 **a sad ostent**: a grave appearance.

Act II. Scene III

10 **exhibit.** This may be one of Launcelot's perversions of language, for "prohibit," or "inhibit"; the sense would then be "tears forbid me to speak." It may, however, mean, "tears set forth my speech," *i.e.* what my tongue would otherwise say.

Act II. Scene IV

5 If this awkward line be correctly given, it is equivalent to "We have not yet bespoken torch-bearers for ourselves." But Dr. Furness thinks, with Rowe, Pope, and others, that *us* is probably a misprint for "as."

6 **quaintly ordered**: artistically contrived. What do you understand to be the antecedent of *it*?

12–14 For a similar play on *hand*, see *As You Like It*, Act IV, sc. iii, lines 24–29.

19 What do you suppose *this* to have been?

26 **some hour hence**: about an hour hence. In exceptional cases *some* is used by Shakespeare with a singular noun of time.

29 **must needs**. Abbott explains the adverb *needs* as formed from the possessive case of need, thus signifying "of necessity."

35 **cross her foot**: cross her path, by a figure of association. Compare sc. v, line 55.

36 What is the antecedent of *she* in this line? See sc. ii, line 151.

Act II. Scene V

3 **What, Jessica!** What, why, and when were used indifferently as exclamations of impatience.

8 **wont**: used, accustomed.

18 **to-night**: last night. The same form occurs in 2 *Henry VI.*, Act III, sc. ii, line 31, and in *Julius Caesar*, Act III, sc. iii, line 1. The allusion to an old superstition explains itself.

20, 21 Launcelot's perversion of language gives Shylock an opportunity to utter, "significantly," says Booth, "his little joke." But his bitterness goes beyond joking.

24 **Black-Monday**: Easter Monday. So called because, in 1360, while Edward III. was besieging Paris, the day was unnaturally dark. Of course, the rest of the speech is pure nonsense. "Ash-Wednesday was four year" is rustic English for "four years ago last Ash-Wednesday."

29 **the wry-neck'd fife**. Here the epithet may refer to the fife, which had a bent mouthpiece; or it may properly belong to

the player, and be rhetorically transferred to the instrument. (The elder Booth illustrated the line, says his son, "by turning his head as it is held when one plays upon the fife.") It is even possible that *fife*, by a figure of association, means "fife-player," as in Shakespeare we sometimes find "trumpet" instead of "trumpeter."

42 "Worth a Jew's eye" was a proverbial phrase; its origin is clear enough, and brings to mind the cruelties practised, for sordid motives, upon a persecuted people. Launcelot is repeating the phrase in a different sense.

43 **Hagar's offspring.** It will be remembered that the Ishmaelites, the descendants of Hagar, were held in contempt by the Israelites, as "sons of the bondwoman."

45 **patch**: fool. The word probably arose as a nickname from the parti-colored dress of the professional jester, and was afterward applied to fools out of uniform.

50 What is the antecedent of *his*?

Act II. Scene VI

1 **pent-house**: shed.

5 "The doves of Venus are swifter in drawing her chariot, when she goes to seal," etc.

7 **obliged**: bound, due. How many syllables are demanded?

8 In modern speech, what word would probably follow *holds*?

9 The second *that* has the force of "with which."

10 **untread**: tread back again, retrace.

11 **unbated**: undiminished.

14 **younker**: an inexperienced youth.

15 **the scarfed bark.** What picture does this epithet lead you to form of the vessel as she sails away? How many syllables in *scarfed*?

18 **over-weather'd.** Can you supply the ordinary equivalent of this unusual word?

18–19 It is not only characteristic of the talkative Gratiano to multiply illustrations here; it is also characteristic of Shakespeare, with his splendid opulence of expression. The best commentary on the last illustration, lines 14–19, is the parable of the Prodigal Son, in which, it will be remembered, the

language is equally plain and powerful. In this simile the experience of the bark is the principal idea, and the prodigal enters only as illustrating it; but so vivid is the poet's imagination that he slips into personifying metaphor in *lean, beggar'd*, etc. See note on Act I, sc. i, lines 10–14.

21 **abode**: abiding, stay.

24 **you** is probably prolonged by the emphasis naturally laid upon it. See Introduction, IV. *h*. 2.

30 What do you find in this line which would now be a grammatical impropriety?

34 Understand "so that" before *you*.

36–39 There is a double confusion of ideas between *love*, or *Cupid*, and *lovers;* but the general sense is plain.

42 **sooth**: truth. What preposition must be understood before *good?*

42 **too too**: a very common repetition, for emphasis, in Elizabethan writers. Some editors, recognizing it as a compound, print it "too-too."

42 **light** is here used in a double sense: "illumined," as by the candle, and "flighty, found wanting in conduct."

45 How does Lorenzo really mean to apply the epithet *lovely*, here transferred to *garnish?*

47 **close**: secret (and hence favorable to Lorenzo's present purpose).

51 **by my hood.** This curious oath, found elsewhere but not in Shakespeare, may be taken literally; or it may originally have meant, as Richard Grant White supposed, "by my condition or estate." (So in the compounds "manhood," "knighthood," etc.)

51 **a Gentile.** This reads "gentle" in several of the old editions; and no doubt a play upon the two meanings of Gentile is intended.

52 **Beshrew me**: curse me (as with a shrew-bite). The tiny shrew-mouse, it was believed, was "deadly to other beasts if he bit them" (Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598), and hence came the curse, generally, as in this case, playful.

66 **twenty.** Not literal, but a rhetorical putting of the definite for the indefinite; what is the figure called? We often say, "I've told you so twenty times."

Act II. Scene VII

4 What deviation from modern usage do you notice?

5 On the measure of these inscriptions, see Introduction, IV. *e*.

8 Make this line quite clear by supplying the necessary words.

12 **withal**: therewith.

22 Why is *her* the appropriate pronoun here?

26 **rated**: estimated.

30 **disabling**: disparaging.

34 What preposition must we understand before *these*?

40 Morocco first uses the figure "to kiss this shrine," a metaphor meaning "to pay their devotions, as to the shrine of a saint"; and even before he has finished the sentence, his thought goes further on the line suggested, and presents Portia, not merely as the shrine sought by pilgrims, but as the saint that makes it holy — a saint, though still breathing mortal breath.

41 **The Hyrcanian deserts**, south of the Caspian Sea, were supposed to be haunted by tigers. Compare *Macbeth*, Act III, sc. iv, line 101: "The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger."

Read "Th' Hyrcan | ian des | erts."

42 **throughfares**. Of what familiar word is this obviously an old form?

44 **head**. This was sometimes used to mean an insurrection or an insurgent force. Compare *Hamlet*, Act IV, sc. v, line 101:

> "Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
> O'erbears your officers."

46 **spirits**: men of spirit.

51 **rib**: enclose; explain the metaphor involved.

51 **cerecloth**: waxed cloth, used in embalming. How does Shakespeare here accent *obscure*?

53 **undervalued**. Compare Act I, sc. i, lines 165, 166. Gold really was to silver as ten to one when this play was produced.

56 **angel**. The gold angel was worth about ten shillings.

57 **insculp'd**: engraved. Supply "it" after *upon*, or regard *upon* as used adverbially, and emphasized. The coin has the angel without; the casket within.

59–60 **key . . . may**: perhaps a rhyme.

63 **A carrion Death**: of course a skull, a "death's head"; but Morocco, in the shock of his disappointment, applies to it the ugliest term which association suggests.

65–75 See Introduction, IV. *f*.

76–79 See Introduction, IV. *g*.

77 **part**: depart.

ACT II. SCENE VIII

3 This line may be satisfactorily read in more ways than one. *I am* may be slurred. The last syllable of *Lorenzo* may be regarded as melting into the following vowel sound, in which case *not* is emphatic and accented. The last syllable of *Lorenzo* may be fully sounded, and the emphasis placed on *is;* in which case *not* is unaccented, and is merely the eleventh syllable so frequently added.

25 **look**: take care. Compare the modern colloquial "look out."

27 **reason'd**: talked; as the corresponding verb, *raisonner*, is used in French.

28 **the narrow seas**: the English Channel.

29 **miscarried**: came to harm.

30 **fraught**. What form of the past participle of "freight" is now used literally in common speech? In what phrases would we use the form here found?

33 **You were best**. The old dative construction, "it were better to me," was corrupted in Elizabethan English into "I were better." It is hard to tell whether *you*, in this line, is a true dative, or, like "I" in the case just given, a nominative. In reading the line, *You were* may be slurred. For *Antonio*, see note on Act I, sc. i, line 69.

39 **Slubber**: slur over.

40 Explain the metaphor.

42 **your mind of love**: your loving mind, your mind preoccupied with love.

48 **wondrous sensible**: wonderfully apparent. The force of the whole phrase seems to be, "moved so deeply that it was wonderful to see."

52 **his embraced heaviness**: the sadness which he has taken to himself.

Act II. Scene IX

13 **marriage** is a trisyllable.

14 See Introduction, IV. *d*.

19 **address'd**: prepared.

19 **Fortune**: *i.e.* good fortune.

25, 26 **meant by**: meant for; the usual form in Shakespeare's time. For the verse, line 25, see Introduction, IV. *e*. This is such a line as Dr. Abbott, to sustain his statement that the Alexandrine rarely occurs in Shakespeare, would call a "trimeter couplet," on account of the pause after the third foot. But Dr. Ellis thinks this merely a difference in terms.

26 **the fool multitude.** See note on Act I, sc. i, line 102.

28 The unemphatic syllables *rior* are inserted before a pause, after the third foot; they are to be slurred in reading. Read also "th' interior."

28 **martlet**: a kind of swallow.

30 **in the force and road.** Professor Allen suggested that this may be equivalent to *in vi et viâ*, "exposed to the attack of."

32 **jump with**: metaphorically, agree with.

38 **cozen**: cheat.

44 **cover**: put on the hat, in token of superior rank.

46–49 A difficult passage. It may best be understood by dividing it at *honour!* line 47. Here the first metaphor ceases. "How much low peasantry (*i.e.* baseness worthy of peasants; compare *vileinye*, as used by Chaucer) would then be gleaned from the field originally sown with the true seed of honour!" That is to say, "How much meanness might be found, by a search as careful as that of the gleaner, among the nobly born!" A new metaphor now begins. (The phrase *chaff and ruin* has no relation to the preceding figure; it is merely a general expression for "rubbish.") "And how much honour might be picked out from that which is at the present time accounted only rubbish, and made to shine with its proper splendour!" Here *honour* has nothing to do with seed or gleaning, but is conceived of as some varnished or gilded object, now defaced and

hidden in a heap of rubbish. Observe that the paraphrases given, though they clear the thought, wholly fail to reproduce the force of the original expression. Paraphrase is a dangerous remedy, to be used only in desperate cases.— It appears to be Arragon's argument that neither birth nor condition implies desert. When he "assumes desert," therefore, he stands solely upon his personal merit.

51 See note on line 25.

53 It was suggested by Capell that this line should be given as an aside. Why?

61 **distinct.** Notice the accent.

63–78 See Introduction, IV. *f.*

68 **I wis.** Shakespeare seems to treat this expression as if composed of two words, pronoun and verb, giving it the force of "I know." But it is really derived from the Saxon adverb *gewis*, later written *ywis*, and meaning "certainly."

70–71 It has been gravely considered by some editors that this taunting little rhyme is inconsistent with the Prince's oath. We need not trouble ourselves about the matter; the scroll is a reckless bit of mockery, not to be taken at all seriously. "*You* wish to marry Portia? No matter whom you married, you would always be a fool."

72 **you are sped**: "your turn is served; your business is done." The direct sense may be found in *Lycidas:* "What need they? They are sped." But the Elizabethans generally gave the expression an ironic turn, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III, sc. i, line 94, where the dying Mercutio exclaims, "I am sped," *i.e.* "I'm done for," in the vulgar speech of to-day.

78 **wroth**: wrath, that is, grievance; the effect is put for the cause.

85 **what would my lord?** Portia sportively replies to the messenger in words that match his own.

88 What *lord* is here meant?

89 **sensible regreets**: tangible greetings, "to wit . . . gifts."

89 **sensible**: evident to the senses. See sc. viii, line 48.

92 **likely**: "promising" (Rolfe); "good-looking" (Furness).

95 Who do you think *this fore-spurrer* must be?

97 **anon**: at once, presently.

98 **high-day wit**: holiday wit. Compare *1 Henry IV.*, Act I, sc. iii, line 46: "With many holiday and lady terms." Of course the sense is "wit too fine for working-days."

100 **post**: swift messenger.

101 Make Nerissa's wish quite clear by supplying the ellipsis.

ACT III. SCENE I

4 **the Goodwins**: the Goodwin Sands, quicksands off the eastern coast of Kent. — Is anything gained by *I think they call the place?*

6 **gossip.** Look up the derivation of this word. Salarino personifies Report as a tattling old woman.

9 **knapped**: nibbled, gnawed. Old women were supposed to like ginger; in *Measure for Measure*, Act IV, sc. iii, line 8, we find, "Marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead."

14 "Finish your sentence." Salanio has been so carried away in his praise of Antonio that he has to be reminded of his unfinished sentence.

18 **betimes**: in time, quickly.

24 **withal**: an emphatic form of *with*, placed after its object.

26 **complexion**: disposition; just the opposite of its meaning in Act I, sc. ii, line 115.

27 **dam**: Shakespeare applies to birds this word for "mother." See *Macbeth*, Act IV, sc. iii, line 218: "What, all my pretty chickens and their dam!" Note that although Shylock would not be likely to pun at this moment, the habit of playing upon words has probably influenced Shakespeare in the next speech.

31 Salanio pretends to misunderstand Shylock. See note on Act I, sc. ii, line 16.

37 **bad match**: bad bargain.

38 **dare scarce.** This is an Elizabethan subjunctive, equivalent to "scarce would dare," and considered by Abbott to be stronger than "dares."

46 **disgraced me**: lowered me in general estimation.

51 **affections, passions?** *Affection* implies that something without is affecting a man; *passion* implies that he feels something

intensely within. The question amounts to: "Is he not affected as other men are? does he not feel as they do?"

53, 54 **warmed and cooled . . . winter and summer.** "An instance of the construction called by the old grammarians a *chiasm*. (If under 'warmed' and 'cooled' were written 'winter' and 'summer,' and the words which refer to each other joined by a line, the Greek letter *chi* would be formed.)" — Furness. See also Act I, sc. iii, lines 19, 20.

59 **humility.** Schmidt points out that Shakespeare's use of this word sometimes approaches our modern sense of the word *humanity*, humaneness; while "humanity" in Shakespeare always means "the nature of man."

81 **then.** This is one of the very few points in which the text of the present edition differs from that of the Globe, which, with the First Folio, reads "thou." The other Folios, followed by Rowe, Pope, Hanmer, Halliwell, and others, read *then;* with which Dr. Furness agrees.

105 **my turquoise.** It was believed that the turquoise had peculiar virtues; that it varied in color, for instance, with the health of the wearer. But does it appear that this was Shylock's reason for valuing the ring?

Act III. Scene II

6 **in such a quality:** thus; to such a purpose.

14 **Beshrew your eyes.** See note on Act II, sc. vi, line 52.

15 **o'erlook'd:** bewitched by looking upon.

16 Read *th' other half.*

18, 20 See Introduction, IV. *h.* 2. *Prove* is in the subjunctive mood, as its position indicates.

21 **not I.** The pronoun is here so far away from *let*, which should govern it, as to be "quasi-independent." — Abbott.

22 **peize:** poise, *i.e.* weigh down; hence, in the present case, to retard.

25 **upon the rack.** Bassanio's hyperbolical metaphor is playfully continued by Portia. It is strange to hear these graceful Italian lovers half-jesting in terms derived from a reality so ugly as this form of torture. A possible reason why the rack was in Shakespeare's mind, ready to furnish an

illustration, may be found in the Introduction, VII., in the story of Roderigo Lopez. Lopez protested in court that he had previously made a false confession "to save himself from racking." Such a protest might well shake the confidence of thinking men in the rack as a means of getting at the truth. Compare lines 32, 33.

30 **life**: *i.e.* life *together*, coexistence.

44 For the most beautiful embodiment of the old notion that swans sing just before death, see Tennyson's poem, *The Dying Swan*.

45 Regard the fourth foot as an anapest; but it is probable that *the* almost vanished in the speaking of the line.

46 For the treatment of *er*, see Introduction, IV. *h*. 1. Compare line 57.

54 **presence**: dignity of bearing.

56 **The virgin tribute.** Hesione was to be sacrificed to a sea-monster, but was rescued by Hercules, for the sake of the horses which her father, King Laomedon of Troy, had promised him as a reward. Hence Portia attributes to Bassanio "much more love." Find the whole story in any classical dictionary.

61 **Live thou**: a subjunctive.

63 **fancy**: love, in its lighter sense; liking. Compare Tennyson, *Locksley Hall*: —

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

73 Bassanio has been "commenting on the caskets to himself." Now "he begins abruptly; the first part of the argument has passed in his mind." — Dr. Johnson.

74 **still.** See Act I, sc. i, line 17.

79 **approve**: confirm.

83 **cowards**: to be here given as a monosyllable.

87 **excrement**: outgrowth; hence, beard. Shakespeare elsewhere uses the word for beard or hair. Compare *Winter's Tale*, Act IV, sc. iv, line 733. "*Autolycus.* Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. (*Takes off his false beard.*)"

88 **beauty**: here specifically beauty of complexion.

91 See note on Act II, sc. vi, line 42. Here the play is between *lightness* (of weight) and *lightness* (of character), levity.

94 **Upon**: surmounting. What Bassanio means by *supposed fairness* appears in line 89.

97 **guiled**: full of guile, treacherous.

99 **an Indian beauty.** This expression has puzzled the commentators; yet the simplest interpretation of it is the most satisfactory. "An Indian beauty" would be no beauty at all to Shakespeare, so that the phrase is in itself an instance of oxymoron; and, signifying something unbeautiful, it is also antithetical to *beauteous* in the previous line. See note on Act I, sc. ii, line 114; and notice that *beauty*, line 88, is synonymous with *fairness*, line 94. Read lines 97–100 quickly, but with a full sense of their meaning, strongly emphasizing *Indian;* call up at the same time the image of "the beauteous scarf" drawn aside, and the dark face appearing — and all difficulty will vanish.

101 Read *t'entrap*. Shakespeare sometimes allows an extra syllable before a pause, as here in "wis*est*."

102 **Hard food for Midas.** Any classical dictionary will tell the story of King Midas and the golden touch; but the best commentary on this line is Hawthorne's playful version of that story in *The Wonder-Book*.

109 **rash-embraced.** See note on Act II, sc. viii, line 52. Is the final *ed* here sounded?

113 **In measure rein thy joy.** What is the metaphor? Some of the old editions read *rain;* how would you explain that reading?

115 It is probably the pause which fills the time of a second syllable in the third foot.

116 **counterfeit**: likeness.

120 **sugar breath.** See note on "livery," Act II, sc. i, line 2.

123 See note on line 101.

125 This line satisfies the ear if read in the ordinary way, with the emphasis on *made*, *one* thus becoming the unaccented eleventh syllable. But the emphasis ought rather, from what follows, to fall on *one*. Abbott explains that in *having* the *v* is softened, and the word pronounced as a monosyllable; and Furness comments on the corresponding treatment of *v* in Scotch dialect. Whether this rule is to be followed by a modern reader, or the last foot is

to be given as an anapest, is, as in cases previously encountered, a question of taste.

127 **unfurnish'd**, *i.e.* unprovided with a fellow; unfellowed. The *i* in this word may be rendered very lightly. Notice the use of *how far* for "as far as," in correspondence with *so*.

131 **continent**: container.

141 **by note**: according to the written instruction.

145 The second *i* in *spirit* must be lightly touched.

158 **livings**: possessions.

160 **sum of something.** This is the reading of the Quartos; the Folios have "sum of nothing." Dr. Furness thinks that in either case there should be a pause after "of," perhaps indicated by a dash; Portia hesitates a moment. It would be interesting to discuss the difference of meaning between the two readings, and the distinct feeling which underlies each.

163 The reading here given is not that of the Globe text, which has "happier than this." The editor has preferred to follow the later Folios and Rowe.

165 Collier was the first to suggest that "is" in this line, occurring in all the early editions, may be a misprint for *in*. He was followed by Rolfe and Hudson, and the change approved by Furness. The Globe editors retain "is."

169 **but now**: just now. In 171, *even now, but now* has the slightly different force, "at this very moment."

176 **vantage**: ground of advantage. Bassanio's loss of the ring will place Portia in a position where she will have the right *to exclaim*.

201 Theobald's punctuation has here been adopted as the most reasonable. Connected with it is his definition of *intermission* as "standing idle; a pause, or discontinuance of action." "It is no more my way to stand idle, than it is yours." The Globe editors follow some of the early texts in printing, "I loved for intermission." What interpretation of the next line does this demand? On *intermission* see Introduction, IV. *h*. 2.

214 Printed as prose in the Globe; but perhaps it is a line of verse. For *marriage*, see note on Act II, sc. ix, line 13. The rendering of the line would be similar to that of 215.

215 "Two extra syllables are sometimes allowed, if unemphatic, before a pause, especially at the end of the line." — Abbott, Section 458.

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio. This is the most important departure of the present edition from the Globe text. All early editions read Salerio, to which the First Quarto adds "a messenger from Venice." But it has already been pointed out (first note on Act I, sc. i) that there is an almost hopeless confusion in the Folios and Quartos between Salarino and Salanio; and once at least (Act III, sc. iii) "Salerio" appears in the Second and Third Quartos, where unquestionably either Salanio or Salarino is intended. Knight considered it throughout a misprint for Salanio; and argued that there is no necessity for introducing a new character, and that dramatic propriety is violated by the introduction at this point. With this opinion Dyce agreed. "Writing for a company of actors so few in number . . . it does not seem likely that a prudent playwright . . . would, without excellent reason, add to the number of the Dramatis Personæ. If, however, a new character must be introduced late in the play, that playwright is, indeed, poverty-stricken in nomenclature, who, to avoid confusion, can think of no name sharply different from any with which the audience is already familiar." — Furness. "Salerio" seems to the present editor an accidental intruder, created by careless compositors.

220 **very**: true. What is its derivation?

228 Following the methods that have been suggested in other cases, how would you read this irregular line? Try also lines 239 and 263.

236 A **royal merchant** was one who transacted business for a sovereign. Probably Gratiano, in the exuberance of his feelings, uses *royal* in the double sense.

240 **shrewd**: biting, sharp. The general definition, "having the characteristics of a shrew," will cover most cases of this adjective, if it be remembered that *shrew* means (1) a tiny, biting, mouse-like creature; and hence, (2) a sharp-tongued, scolding person. We have, then, as derived adjective meanings, "keen, cunning, malicious, hurtful," and also,

"ill-tempered." Lastly, the adjective has at times a force derived from the verb *shrew*, — "accursed." See note on *beshrew*, Act II, sc. vi, line 52. How must *contents* be accented?

243 **constitution.** How many syllables are there in this word?

244 **constant**: firm, steady.

246 See note on 215.

256 **state**: estate.

259 **mere**: absolute, unqualified.

269 What difference from modern grammatical usage appears in this line?

271 **He** must be emphasized, to make the antecedent evident.

275 **impeach the freedom of the state**: deny that the state is free, *i.e.* that it grants equal rights before the law to those of alien race.

276 **twenty.** See note on Act II, sc. vi, line 66. The student may make a list of examples, occurring in this play, of the peculiar use of twenty.

277 **magnificoes**: the chief men of Venice. To what familiar word is this apparently allied?

278 **port**: state, importance.

279 **envious**: malicious.

290 For **condition'd** see note on Act I, sc. ii, line 114; for the whole expression, note on Act II, sc. i, line 46.

293 Supply a preposition before *any*.

298, 299 For scansion, see Introduction, IV. *h*. 2.

309 **cheer**: countenance, aspect.

310 "Since a man's life has been staked for you (and you have been purchased for me at that great cost), I will love you all the more."

314, 315 "*'Tween you and I* seems to have been a regular Elizabethan idiom." — ABBOTT.

ACT III. SCENE III

9 **naughty.** Used in a graver sense than at present; as frequently in the King James's Bible.

9 **fond**: foolishly indulgent.

10 "As" is understood before *to*.

19 **kept with**: dwelt among.

26–31 "That is, 'for the denial of those rights to strangers which render their abode at Venice so commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the justice of the State.'" — MALONE. This interpretation makes *commodity* the antecedent of *it* in line 28. Another view is that *course of law* is the antecedent, and should be followed by a comma; that there should be a period or a colon after *Venice*, and that *Will*, line 29, should read "'Twill." This gives *for*, line 27, the meaning "on account of." The second view is adopted by Theobald, Knight, and others. Though puzzling in construction, the passage conveys its meaning clearly enough.

32 **bated**: reduced.

ACT III. SCENE IV

2 **conceit**: conception.

3 **amity**: that is, of course, the friendship between Bassanio and Antonio. The second syllable is slurred.

9 "Than you must be of your usual charities."

12 **waste**: spend.

15 **lineaments**: characteristics.

20 What is Portia's meaning when she says *my soul?* Explain her line of reasoning in 22.

25 **husbandry**: stewardship.

30 **her husband and my lord's return.** "Probably this idiom arises partly from the readiness with which a compound phrase connected by a conjunction is regarded as one and inseparable." — ABBOTT.

52 **with imagined speed**: with all the speed imaginable. "The passive participle is often used to signify, not that which *was* and *is*, but that which *was*, and, therefore, *can be hereafter*. In other words, *-ed* is used for *-able*." — ABBOTT, Section 375.

53 **tranect**. This is possibly, as Capell conjectured, an otherwise unknown word for "ferry-boat"; and possibly a misprint for *traject*, an English form of the Italian *traghetto*,

which meant rather the place of passage than the boat. It is evident that the word was, in either case, unfamiliar to an English audience, since Shakespeare makes Portia explain further.

61 **accomplished**: fully supplied.

62 **With that we lack**: *i.e.* manliness.

72 **I could not do withal**: "*I* couldn't help it!"—an idiomatic phrase which is frequently found in Elizabethan writings.

75 **That**: so that.

77 **Jacks**: fellows. The use of a certain proper name in this representative way is not peculiar to Shakespeare's time.

Act III. Scene V

3 **fear you**: fear *for* you.

4 **agitation**: cogitation, in Gobbo-ese.

5 For a similar cheering assurance, see *As You Like It*, Act III, sc. ii, lines 36–39.

9 **enow**: enough.

12 **rasher on the coals**: used as a compound expression, for a favorite article of food in Shakespeare's time. Look up the derivation of *rasher*.

28 **cover**: lay the table. The same word in line 29, or at least in Launcelot's pretended understanding of that line, means to put on the hat, which would be disrespectful in the presence of a superior.

31 **quarrelling with occasion**: picking quarrels with words on every opportunity which is afforded.

39 **suited**. "Equivalent to either . . . dressed-up, tricked out; or . . . matched (here ill-matched) with the matter."—Allen.

43, 44. What is here contrasted with *word*?

43 **How cheer'st thou**: "Are you in good spirits? How do you like all this?"

45 In addition to that pretty Elizabethan fashion, the free use of *sweet* (see sc. ii, line 312), we are to note here the peculiar persuasive force of *good*. It is used in this entreating manner, either with or without a noun. See *Winter's Tale*, Act. V, sc. i, line 19: "Good now, say so but seldom";

also *Hamlet*, Act. I, sc. iii, line 46: "But, good my brother, do not," etc.

51 This line is very obscure. Probably *mean it* = "mean to live an upright life." The present reading is that of the First Quarto, followed by the Globe editors; that of the First Folio is even less clear. Pope read *merit it, In reason*, etc.

61 **a stomach**: an appetite, an inclination (both to dine and to praise; a play on the word).

Act IV. Scene I

Salanio and others. See note on stage direction, following line 216, Act III, sc. ii.

7 **qualify**: moderate.

8 **obdurate.** See Introduction, IV. *h*. 3.

10 **envy**: malice, hatred. See Act III, sc. ii, line 279.

18 **fashion**: assumed appearance.

20 **remorse**: pity.

26 **moiety**: literally a half, but used by Shakespeare for any portion.

39 Here Shakespeare makes Shylock speak as if Venice were London. He is not always careless of detail, but his main interest seems to be in keeping true to the essentials of human nature. Sometimes, we may be sure, he deliberately permits himself to use an inaccuracy which will appeal more directly to his audience than an accurate, but unfamiliar, term.

43 **humour**: whim.

47 **a gaping pig**: probably a roasted pig, with mouth open.

49, 50 See note on *affections, passions*, Act III, sc. i, line 51.

What is the antecedent of *it* in line 50? of *it* in line 51? The old texts are obscure in line 50, and there is a possibility that we should read "master" instead of *mistress*.

56 **certain**: confirmed, rooted.

60 What is the metaphor in *current?*

64 **offence**: the resentment caused by an offensive action.

61–65 This arrangement of dialogue in alternate lines is a Greek form, called stichomythia. Shakespeare sometimes uses it in his earlier plays.

72 Supply "bid them" after *and*.

73 **fretten.** An old form of the past participle.

88 **parts**: functions, offices.

119 See note on Act I, sc. i, line 19.

124 **inexecrable**: a word not elsewhere found, apparently meaning "that cannot be sufficiently execrated."

125 **for thy life**: *i.e.* for letting thee live.

130, 131 A twisted construction. Compare Act I, sc. i, lines 146, 147.

156 **no impediment to let him lack.** The sense of this contradictory expression is plain enough. It may be considered as proceeding from a slight confusion of thought, or as elliptical: "no impediment [so operating as] to let him lack." Compare lines 71, 72.

158 **whose**: equivalent to "for his," or perhaps "for your."

167 **throughly.** Compare Act II, sc. vii, line 42.

174 **within his danger**: in his debt.

176 **must**: here used without the idea of compulsion, to indicate that Shylock's mercy is the only thing that can save Antonio. "Then (if you are to escape the penalty) the Jew must be merciful; there is no other way."

177 Shylock understands *must* in the usual sense.

178 "The nature of mercy is [that it is] *not* compelled." This passage is so frequently torn from the context that its true bearing is apt to be forgotten.

185 **The attribute to**: the property of.

185 **awe and majesty**: by hendiadys (for which see a rhetoric or dictionary), "awful majesty." *Attribute* is apparently in apposition with *power*. "Temporal power — that property of kingship which causes kings to be feared."

191 **seasons**: qualifies, moderates.

217 **A Daniel come to judgement!** "Then this Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm." — *Daniel*, vi. 3.

249 **balance.** This is really plural, as the verb indicates. Nouns ending in *ce*, and indeed all nouns having *s* as the terminal sound, often dispensed with the plural *s*; and even when written it was sometimes unpronounced.

272, 273 **Repent but you**, etc. "Only regret . . . and I regret not . . . If you feel sorrow for the loss of me, your very sorrow shall console me, making me willing to die." Compare Sonnet CXI:—

> "Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
> Even that your pity is enough to cure me."

285 **so**: provided that.

290 **Barrabas**. Here, as in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, accented on the first syllable. This pronunciation and this spelling are also found in Tyndale's Bible and Coverdale's Bible. For the force of Shylock's words, see the Gospel of St. John xviii. 40: "Now Barabbas was a robber."

300 **jot**: this strong little word has an interesting derivation.

303 **the cutting it**. According to Abbott, *cutting* is a noun, and therefore preceded by *the;* but such verbals are, among Elizabethan writers, so far confused with the gerund as to be allowed to govern a direct object. See *Shakespearian Grammar*, Section 93. Compare Act I, sc. ii, line 88.

305 **confiscate**. As explained by Abbott (Section 342), words of the class to which this belongs, being directly derived from Latin participles, may themselves be regarded as participial adjectives, without the addition of *d*.

321 **just**: exact.

322, 323 The Globe editors retain, after *substance*, the comma of the old editions. But the whole expression seems to be, as Rev. John Hunter points out, "in the substance or the division of" a grain, which is the twentieth part of a scruple. "Be it but so much as makes the flesh cut off light or heavy by the amount, nay, by the fraction, of a grain."

328 **on the hip**. See note on Act I, sc. iii, line 40.

340 **question**: discussion, argument.

374 **So please**: if it please.

375 **quit**: remit.

376 **I am content**: *i.e.* content to do the same. "I do not want the other half of his goods (for myself)."

376 **so**: provided that.

377 **in use**: "in trust for Shylock for life, with remainder, after Shylock's death, for Jessica's husband."— Lewin, quoted by

FURNESS. It appears that Antonio is not considering his own interests, but merely securing to Lorenzo the future possession of that half of Shylock's goods which might legally be claimed by him, Antonio. He makes this proposition conditional upon the acceptance of another, which secures to Lorenzo and Jessica the possession of Shylock's whole estate at the time of his death. *In use* is here a legal term, and does not mean, as elsewhere, "at interest."

383 "Of" is understood after *possessed.*

393 **ten more**: *i.e.* twelve jurymen. This is out of place in the mouth of a Venetian; see note, line 39.

396 **desire your grace of pardon.** An idiomatic Elizabethan construction, equivalent to "I desire pardon of your grace."

400 **gratify**: reward.

404 **in lieu whereof**: in return for which.

406 **cope**: either "meet" (SCHMIDT) or "requite" (CLARENDON PRESS editors).

406 **withal**: as in Act III, sc. i, line 24.

437 Express this idea in modern form.

444 **withal**: as in Act. II, sc. vii, line 12.

445 **commandment.** This is "commandement" in the most important old editions; and it is quite clear that the *e*, now lost, was here intended to be pronounced.

ACT IV. SCENE II

15 **old**: an augmentative, signifying "great." "We shall have plenty of swearing."

ACT V. SCENE I

4–14 These exquisite allusions to classic stories may be traced to Chaucer. The first is certainly a reminiscence of his *Troylus and Creseide.* In his *Legende of Good Women* Thisbe, Dido, and Medea are associated; though the passage in that poem relating to Ariadne, rather than the mention of Dido herself, seems to have suggested the present picture of Dido. In the case of Medea Shakespeare got additional suggestions from Ovid, with whose poetry, in Golding's translation, he was familiar. For three of these stories consult any class-

ical dictionary. The tale of Troilus, however, is not classic, but a product of the Middle Ages. The young prince, Troilus, was the youngest son of King Priam of Troy. He secretly loved Cressida, who returned his love. She was exchanged for a Trojan prisoner, and sent to her father Calchas in the Greek camp, where she fell in love with the Greek chieftain Diomed, and proved false to Troilus. On this story Shakespeare has based his play of the Third Period, *Troilus and Cressida*.

11 **waft.** Probably an absorption of the *ed*, into the final *t*, for the sake of euphony.

12, 14, 17 These lines are all irregular, though 12 and 14 may be scanned by making the fourth foot, in each case, an anapest; and 17 may be accounted for by supposing that the pause after *Belmont* fills the time of an accented syllable. But the truer explanation seems to be that this passage (beginning with the last part of line 3 and continuing until the movement runs down in the raillery of line 22) is to be regarded as a kind of lyrical interlude. If printed with the usual indentations, it would easily be recognized as such. The first line of each division is an iambic dimeter; the last line is twice in succession a trimeter, twice a trimeter hypercatalectic, and twice a dimeter.

21 **shrew.** See note on *shrewd*, Act III, sc. ii, line 240.

28 **Stephano.** It is clear that the name is here to be accented on the second syllable. The correct pronunciation is used in *The Tempest*, Act V, sc. i, line 277. Halliwell suggests that Shakespeare picked up the true accenting, after he wrote *The Merchant*, from Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, in which he acted a part.

57 **touches.** Schmidt defines *touch*, in this specific sense, as "the act of the hand on a musical instrument."

59 **patines.** The First Folio and two of the Quartos read *pattens;* the later Folios have *patterns* — a reading adopted by Rowe, Pope, and others, who understand the constellations to be meant. Malone suggested *patines*, a word meaning the small plates used with the chalice in the administration of the Eucharist; these were sometimes of gold. *Patten*, *paten*, and *patine* are really the same word.

61 This is the old theory of the music of the spheres. In ancient astronomy, it was held that there were certain "revolving spherical shells, having the earth for their common center, in which the stars were supposed to be set." — *Standard Dictionary*. These spheres, as they revolved, made music. Elsewhere, Shakespeare distinguishes accurately between the stars or planets, and their spheres; see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II, sc. i, line 153. But in this figure he seems to confuse the two ideas, since *the smallest orb* must refer to a star.

62 **cherubins.** "An English form of a Chaldee plural." — FURNESS. What two forms are more usual, as the plural of *cherub*, and what distinction is made in their use?

63 "Some have . . . . been induced to think, that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony." — HOOKER: *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

66 Explain the beauty of this line.

77 **mutual**: common (to more than two, as used by Shakespeare).

79 An example of the addition of an extra syllable before a pause; here, at the end of the third foot. See Abbott, Section 454.

79 **the poet**: Ovid.

99 **without respect**: without regard to the conditions, absolutely.

103 **attended**: *i.e.* attended by favorable circumstances. Most editors, however, regard this as a case of the omission of the preposition *to*.

107, 108 "How many things are, by the fit season, qualified so as to receive their right praise and to attain their true perfection!"

109 See line 66. The story of Diana's love for the shepherd Endymion has been told by many poets besides Keats. The passage in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* is often quoted: —

> "How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
> First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
> She took eternal fire that never dies;
> How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
> His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
> Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
> Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
> To kiss her sweetest."

118 See note on line 79. Compare also line 133.
tucket: a flourish on a trumpet.
127 Explain Bassanio's splendid compliment.
129 See note on Act II, sc. vi, line 42.
130 **heavy**: sorrowful.
132 **sort**: dispose, arrange.
146 This line appears defective; but perhaps the pause after *me* is long enough to represent an accented syllable.
146 **posy**: the inscription on the inside of a ring. The word is a contraction of *poesy*.
148 **leave**: give. Compare lines 170 and 192.
154 **respective**: mindful, considerate.
160 **scrubbed**: stunted and wretched; from the same root as *shrub*.
167 The superfluous syllable in this line has been disposed of in several ways. Pope and Dyce dropped *so*, believing that it had been repeated by mistake. Dr. Furness thinks that we should read *rivet* "almost, if not quite, as a monosyllable." For remarks on the softening of *v*, see note on Act III, sc. ii, line 125.
175 See note on Act II, sc. viii, line 33.
197 What should we say instead of *contain*?
200 A construction in our own time inadmissible.
201, 202 **wanted the modesty To urge**: would have been so wanting in modesty as to urge.
202 **a ceremony**: a sacred thing.
207 Shakespeare uses *which* interchangeably with *who* and *that*. See Act IV, sc. i, line 277.
210 **Even he**. This nominative seems to imply that "the which . . . away" is a parenthetical clause; as the Clarendon editors point out.
231 **double**: deceitful, false.
239 **advisedly**: intentionally.
271 **inter'gatories**: interrogatories. "In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for a 'contempt,' the practice is that before sentence is finally pronounced he is sent into the Crown Office, and being there 'charged upon inter'gatories,' he is made to swear that he will 'answer all things faithfully.'" — Lord Campbell, quoted by Dr. Furness.

SUGGESTIVE AND CRITICAL NOTES

When, in the early times, the curtain was drawn aside for the first performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, the "groundlings" who stood crowded together in the pit looked up at a hanging board and read the word VENICE. At that cue their eager imaginations went to work and painted the scenery for them; for other scenery there was none.

When we sit down to read the play, then, we are in no worse case than they were, and we must try to do as they did. It would certainly be a great pity if we, with our many easily accessible books and pictures, and all the other advantages that have accumulated for us in three hundred years, proved less successful at this business of imagining things than the London 'prentices in the pit of the Theater, the Rose, or the Globe.

Venice: at the word a rich, if rather confused, background should shape itself in the mind; a warm, blue southern sky, buildings of black-and-white marble, smooth green canals, reflecting many brilliant colors, black gondolas, gliding hither and thither; in the brick-paved street picturesque passing figures, — melon-sellers, bronzed fishermen in red caps. And see! three gentlemen approach in conversation. We listen, and the deep grave voice of Antonio begins: "In sooth, I know not why I am so sad."

Act I, sc. i. — The first thing we have to note is this singular sadness of Antonio. The man is a rich merchant; his companions speak of his great argosies loaded with silks and spices. We may judge that he is a settled man of, or near, middle age; partly from the position that he has won, partly from his reproachful tone when Salarino suggests that he is in love. He has not been habitually sad, for in this mood he "has much ado to know" himself. And he protests that he knows not why such a mood hangs upon him.

It seems a little presumptuous in us to seek the reason. Perhaps it is a reason that he would hesitate to give, or even to put into words in his own mind; for it might seem selfish, and we are not long in finding out that Antonio is anything but a selfish man. He has a large, loving nature; he is kind and generous to all his friends; and when by and by he exhibits some unlovely qualities,

we shall find that his passion springs from a loathing for that which he considers sordid and base, united with a prejudice characteristic of the time, not peculiar to the man. — Antonio has come to the autumn of life, and in the midst of his prosperity he feels an autumnal sadness. He is alone. No son bears his name; the deepest tenderness of his being has never been called forth in the most natural way. With his wealth of stored-up affection he has endowed his gay young kinsman, Bassanio, and the latter is grateful and responsive. But there is necessarily some difference, which will inevitably increase, between the interests of the two friends. Bassanio's life lies before him; Antonio's lies behind him. The younger has many hopes and joys that the elder cannot share. And Antonio has lately had a hint of some desire and purpose of Bassanio's with which he sympathizes, no doubt, but which nevertheless casts over his sensitive spirit the shadow of coming change. Notice his first important speech to Bassanio, lines 119–121. Read Sonnet LXXIII, probably addressed by Shakespeare to a younger friend, and find that he himself knew the melancholy of middle age. (In *Il Pecorone* Ansaldo, the merchant, having no children of his own, is in like manner wholly devoted to his young godson Giannetto.)

As the three gentlemen go on with their talk, we are to observe the lively imagination of Antonio's friends. Salanio puts himself into Antonio's place, and conceives the situation so intensely that he fairly sees himself holding the light blade or feather of grass in his fingers, anxiously trying the direction of the wind. It is the same with Salarino; both, though in other respects ordinary men, are highly imaginative, judged by our modern standards. — Another point that impresses itself upon us is the constant presence of the sea in the thoughts of these men. All through the play, from Salarino's very first speech, "Your mind is tossing on the ocean," the rhetoric frequently reminds us that we are in, or concerned with, a sea city; there is a kind of subdued sea murmur, as it were, in the reader's ears. On this suggestion, it would be interesting to collect instances of illustrations taken from the sea, or allusions to sea legends, in *The Merchant of Venice*.

Notice the graceful courtesy of all these gentlemen, as Salarino and Salanio take leave and the others enter; particularly the dignity and reserved cordiality of Antonio's speech, lines 62, 63. What

do you find to be the chief characteristics of Gratiano? Can you conjecture what was Shakespeare's reason for introducing him at this point? Shakespeare seems to have known this type of young manhood very well; compare Mercutio, Hotspur, Falconbridge, Petruchio, — all "like in difference."

When the two kinsmen are left alone, notice the beautifully simple expression of Antonio's perfect devotion to his friend; but notice also that his ideals for Bassanio are high, and his standard of right and wrong unaffected by his feeling; in what lines is this made clear? — In Bassanio's account of Portia, lines 161–172, there are certain indications that he is not, primarily, seeking her wealth. He has set forth his plan, it is true, as a plan "to get clear of debt"; and his manner in so presenting it has been most reasonable, as it naturally would be, in addressing the man on whose coöperation all depended; but as soon as he begins to speak of Portia, the lover flashes out. His words raise a golden cloud of romance about the distant Portia; we, too, desire to see this fair lady of wondrous virtues; and we are made aware that, in spite of all the preliminary talk about debts and plots and purposes, the love-story has really begun already; that it began before Portia was "richly left." What lines confirm this? (In conjunction with sc. ii, lines 98–102.)

Act I, sc. ii. — In picturing Portia for ourselves we must never forget Bassanio's description (see sc. i, lines 169, 170). Is Portia's weariness at all like Antonio's sadness? What do you conjecture to be the cause of it? How deep does it appear to lie, and what dispels it? (Compare *As You Like It*, Act I, sc. ii.) What intellectual quality of Portia's is most evident in this scene? What bit of dialogue seems inserted expressly to make a connection with sc. i?

Act I, sc. iii. — Shylock comes before us plainly clad in a dark gaberdine. He wears some distinguishing badge. (See note on line 100.) He is an elderly man, with gray or gray-sprinkled beard. As one of an oppressed race, he will certainly have an air of habitual deference. But before the dialogue has proceeded far, we perceive that under this external appearance lies a keen wit, with great bitterness of spirit. What are the first signs of this? — For the natural causes of this bitterness we have not far to seek. Shylock is intellectually much abler than any other man in the

play. Yet, through race prejudice, he is suppressed; his energies are confined to a single field, and for success in that field he is scorned. — Notice his subtle, malicious enjoyment of the present situation. His enemies ask help from him; he will be slow and tantalizing in his answer. Picture the impatient Bassanio in his rich dress, and the glances he darts at Shylock while the Jew musingly repeats, "Three thousand ducats." — Notice the reasons which Shylock, in soliloquy, assigns for his hatred of Antonio. Remember that soliloquy is the dramatist's only method of revealing what actually passes through a person's mind. In soliloquy there can be no motive for deceit; unless the thinker be a self-deceiver. Taking the soliloquy, then, as an expression of Shylock's genuine thought and feeling, which shall we conclude to be the most potent cause of his hatred for Antonio, the wrongs of his race or his individual wrongs? In Shylock's speech, lines 96–119, appears that wonderful power which Shakespeare had in greater measure than any other writer that ever lived: the power of getting inside of a character, of temporarily taking exactly the point of view of a nature wholly different from the dramatist's own in circumstances wholly different from those which surround or have surrounded the dramatist. It is this which makes the creation of Shylock a much greater achievement than the creation of Antonio. The intellect alone will not furnish such insight. "Main force of mind" could never have made Shylock. (Compare Marlowe's Barabas in *The Jew of Malta*.) In addition, the dramatist must have had a broad human sympathy — the only key that will really open the hearts of men to inspection. We must love, or pity, to understand. Love for a nature which has become utterly unlovely, like that of Shylock, may be impossible. But pity, because the conditions have made him what he is, is certainly possible. Shakespeare seems to recognize that Shylock's feeling, in these circumstances, is almost inevitable. And while we read we may share Shakespeare's power of understanding, and of sympathizing with "all sorts and conditions of men." This is one of the great gains of literary study.

Notice that the proposal made by Shylock is made at the climax of the scene, immediately after Antonio's speech of defiance, lines 120–127. It is Antonio himself who confirms Shylock's previous resolution not to forgive him. — It would be premature, however,

to conclude that Shylock, in this early phase of the affair, intends to exact the penalty. May it not be possible that the pleasure of having his enemy's life in his power, and thus of torturing him for a time, — the peculiar delight of listening to his supplications, — that this is all Shylock is forecasting? We must look for evidence as we proceed.

Observe that Antonio exhibits in this scene a side very different from that shown us in sc. i. Does he appear to greater advantage here or in sc. i? (See comment, in notes on sc. i, on causes of his behavior to Shylock.)

Act II, sc. i. — There is a largeness in the nature of Morocco, and an exuberance in his imagery, befitting a son of the hot South. He seems like a rough sketch of that greater Moor whom Shakespeare afterward drew, and who was also connected with a fair Venetian. — Portia's tact is shown in lines 13–22. It is true that the concluding passage, as we know from Act I, sc. ii, is not so complimentary to Morocco as it appears; yet it is not insincere. No doubt the Moor's nobility impresses her. On account of his different race, she dreads his success; she would not willingly be his wife; yet doubtless she would prefer him to any one of the "parcel of wooers" on whose "very absence" she dotes. Meanwhile, she welcomes him with graciousness. What word of hers is most felicitous in carrying out her kindly purpose of removing his sense of disadvantage? It is to be noticed that the race question enters here also. Shakespeare introduces it, as it were, half consciously, because his mind is working with the theme.

Act II, sc. ii. — For a comment on the character and speech of Launcelot Gobbo, see note on the stage direction, *Enter* LAUNCELOT.

Act II, sc. iii. — It is convenient to consider this scene in connection with **sc. v.** In the earlier of these scenes, what side-light does Jessica throw upon Shylock's home life? What one word, used by her, indicates the reason of her feeling? What single touch of conscience does she show? Why does she change her faith? What kind of nature does this indicate? Does it appear, in sc. v, that Shylock was unkind to her? How would you characterize his behavior toward her? — What is Shylock's reason for recommending Gobbo to Bassanio? Notice, in this tiny detail, the demoralization of the man's nature by a cherished hatred.

There may be something impressive in hatred exhibited on a large scale (compare the "immortal hate" of Milton's Satan); it is when we see its ultimate results in petty instances that we realize its essential baseness.

Act II, sc. iv. — This scene may be examined together with **sc. vi.** Note the rapid movement of the two scenes, retarded only by the easy moralizing of Gratiano under the penthouse. We are plainly intended to share, temporarily, in the lively spirit of the scene; to appreciate the naturalness and gayety of it, its irresponsible brightness and dash. We should be able to make a beautiful setting for the action: the dark blue of Italian night, the flaring of torches, strains of music from gliding gondolas, a surrounding atmosphere of rich romance. But presently the scene is over: Shylock's dark house, the house he has trusted to his daughter, is left alone. A chill falls upon us as we realize Jessica's treachery and selfishness. By what step has she descended to her lowest level? It is natural that the poetic and infatuated Lorenzo should, at this time, admire every action of hers; but is she worthy of him? Shakespeare understands them; in a certain sense he sympathizes with them; but it would be a mistake to think that his sympathy means approval. The creator of Cordelia could not approve Jessica. — We begin to perceive that we are to take Shakespeare's plays, even the comedies, as we should take life: not as partisans of causes clearly right and persons absolutely perfect, but observantly, kindly, sometimes regretfully; never surrendering our sense of right and wrong, yet never failing to make allowance for our fellow-creatures.

It becomes time to ask, why does Shakespeare thrust into his plot this story of the false daughter stolen by a Christian? It is no part of the Italian tale; we have no reason for supposing that it occurred in *The Jew* "shown at the Bull." But to Shakespeare's purpose it is essential. It is his turning-point. It determines Shylock's action. Again has a Christian decided the matter. If Shylock has, up to this point, merely intended to torture Antonio by getting the latter into his power, it is clear that after this injury his intention will go further. If he has already resolved to kill Antonio, this double-clamps his resolution, which might have given way. In either case, the emphasis laid by Shakespeare upon this part of the plot converts Shylock from an impossible monster,

such as the Jew in *Il Pecorone* appears to be, into a possible, though terribly and piteously perverted, man.

These considerations naturally lead us to **Act II, sc. viii**, and to **Act III, sc. i.** Observe the different sides of Salanio and Salarino, which are shown in that part of the dialogue dealing with Shylock, and in that part dealing with Antonio. In which case do the gentlemen appear to greater advantage? Does Salanio's account of Shylock's "confused passion" (sc. viii) imply that avarice was the sole cause of Shylock's distress? or are we also to conclude that he loved his daughter, or to set down a portion of his suffering to a wounded racial pride?

It is safe to say that in Act III, sc. i, lines 50–58 form the most magnificent expression ever given to the human plea against race prejudice. In order to estimate the passage, it is well to remember that the words were written by a Christian Englishman, in a time when race prejudice of all kinds was rampant. — Shylock, left alone with Tubal, breaks out into the loose and fervid expression natural to an emotional race. Notice how this contrasts with the tenseness of his speech to the Gentiles. Lines 74–79 are capable of being variously interpreted. Does Shylock really mean that he has never felt the curse which has fallen upon his nation until now? Would that be true? (Compare Act I, sc. iii, lines 96–119.) Or does he mean that his present misery is so great that it dwarfs all past miseries which he, as a Jew, has suffered? Does his exclamation, "I would my daughter," etc., signify mere cupidity? Or is it Oriental exaggeration of the terrible wrath and sorrow of a betrayed father? ("If the passage is taken in connection with the rest of the dialogue, it will be found to be merely a master-stroke of the poet in depicting as powerfully as possible the unbridled passion of a volcanic nature. This language reminds us of the exaggerated expressions of King Lear against his daughters." — Honigman, quoted by Dr. Furness.) Again, might it not be read so as to mean, "I would even give my beloved jewels and ducats if my daughter were dead, rather than false to her race"? (It is worth noting that the ducats are imagined "in her coffin," as if to be buried with her.) — Is Tubal in this scene malicious? or unsympathetic? or merely coarse-grained and solemnly important? — The subtle reality of Shakespeare's presentation appears in lines 102–106. If we are reading in the right spirit, we shall feel, at

this point, a confusion of emotions, such as a corresponding utterance would arouse in real life. The human feeling displayed by Shylock is pathetic; his expression "a wilderness of monkeys," is, as Hazlitt remarked, a fine Hebraism; yet the picture suggested and the contrast between his point of view and his daughter's are certainly comic. It is a case of "very tragical mirth." Of such mingled yarn is life woven; and the art that would represent life must be complex. — Find the recurring expression of Shylock's lowest motive for hating Antonio. Where did it occur before?

We return to the postponed casket scenes. What does Shakespeare gain by presenting to his audience two of these before the scene of Bassanio's choice? In **Act II, sc. vii**, he makes us feel — and therefore felt himself — a certain sympathy with Morocco, though it does not go so far as to make us desire his success. On what subject are Morocco's thoughts, during his deliberations, chiefly fixed? What two considerations induce him to choose the golden casket? What, then, does his line of reasoning imply? Does his choice indicate that he overvalues appearances? Of what two subjects is Arragon (**Act II, sc. ix**) chiefly thinking? Does *his* choice indicate that he overvalues appearances? That eccentric, though virtuous, person, Portia's father, appears to have wanted a son-in-law of precisely his own turn of mind; one who, from intellectual similarity, could read his riddle. If he was, in addition, trying to protect his daughter from fortune-hunters, Shakespeare must be laughing in his sleeve at the ironic situation. We have no indication that either Morocco or Arragon had ever thought of Portia's wealth; the former was too magnanimous, the latter too proud. And we know that Bassanio *had* thought of it, though we are, fortunately, sure that it was his second rather than his first thought.

Is it not possible that Shakespeare, who likes to do two things at once, is letting the case of Bassanio, for the purposes of the plot, point the moral which apparently underlay the test as planned — that we must not judge "by the view" — while he is at the same time contrasting, for his own satisfaction, the natures of Morocco and Arragon, and pronouncing against them both for the practical uses of life? It seems to be the theme so often treated in the plays, — the contrast and contest between "blood" and "judgement," and the necessity of keeping the balance between

them. (See note on Act I, sc. ii, line 16.) We have the passionate Morocco, his judgment clouded by his utter absorption in Portia, set against the cold-blooded Arragon in his intellectual pride. And Shakespeare lets the mocking rhymes tell the hot lover that his suit is cold as death itself, and tell the cool egotist, who stands aloof from the crowd in fancied wisdom, that he is a fool. — The contrast between the two men is perhaps most marked at the moment of parting. Morocco goes quickly, with a "grieved heart"; Arragon will keep his oath, and go without dispute; but he is conscious that he cuts a foolish figure, and he feels that he is an injured man.

Act III, sc. ii. — Portia's plea, "I pray you tarry," leads us to consider the duration of the action. It will be found quite impossible to reconcile the opposing testimony, as to the lapse of time, occurring in different parts of the play. A careful computation has been made by Mr. P. A. Daniel; but he is driven, by the necessity of allowing three months for the expiration of the bond, to the hypothesis that Bassanio was at least twelve weeks in Belmont before he made his choice of the casket. This is utterly inconsistent with the present speech of Portia. — We are obliged to fall back on Professor Wilson's Theory of Double Time. This will be found fully set forth in the Furness Variorum Edition of *Othello*. In brief, it is that Shakespeare distributed through a play two sets of hints, one set causing the action to appear rapid, and the other retarding it. The magical effect is, to give the play, when acted, the movement of life, so that no question as to possibility arises, at the time, in the mind. It will be profitable for the student to make a table of these accelerating and retarding time-notes in *The Merchant of Venice*, and finally to compare his results with Dr. Furness's analysis, in the Variorum *Merchant*, p. 339.

The chief interest of this scene is, of course, the revelation of Portia's exquisite womanliness. Touch by touch it unfolds itself before us, like some royal rose, until in the perfect speech to Bassanio (lines 150–176), we see the very soul of Portia, in its joyous abandonment to a new feeling. Notice her haste to help, her emotion on hearing Antonio's letter, her generosity, not only in the readiness to "pay the petty debt twenty times over," but in the insistence that Bassanio shall "away to Venice." Lines

281–287 afford some evidence as to Shylock's original intention; but is Jessica a trustworthy witness? She is plainly led by the desire to make herself important. Until she volunteers this piece of information, she has been quite in the background. If we accept her testimony, do Shylock's words to Tubal and Chus prove that he would have been able to persevere in his dreadful purpose, without an additional injury to urge him on?

Act III, sc. iv. — Though Portia's intention is serious, she hopes so strongly for the best that she can carry it out with a merry heart. Notice the incidental touch of playful satire in her final speech, reminding us of Act I, sc. ii.

Act III, sc. v. — Portia, it seems, has made an impression even upon the light-minded Jessica. However, the graceful hyperbole of the compliment (lines 53–57) appears rather intended to deepen the effect of Portia's virtues upon the audience or the reader, than to exhibit the nature of the speaker.

Act IV, sc. i. — In this scene our first thought would naturally be of Antonio, and accordingly we find him in the foreground, passive and sad, yet not forgetting to be grateful and gracious in his reply to the Duke. Our interest would then turn to his enemy; and Shakespeare has provided for this by next introducing Shylock. The latter's manner is perfectly composed. He believes that his cause is securely based upon the law. In this position of advantage he can be cool and self-controlled. He at first shows a proper deference to the Duke, but as he continues speaking, his tone becomes more and more bitter. Toward Bassanio he is contemptuous. (A most effective point is made by Sir Henry Irving in lines 81–83. He slowly taps the extended bag of gold with the point of his knife, before speaking the lines in a low tone of great firmness.) Lines 84 and 85 are as important as any in this scene. They clearly express the two opposite spiritual attitudes which it seems to be one of the main purposes of the scene to exhibit. The Duke suggests an attitude of forgiveness toward transgressors, springing from a sense of one's own transgressions. Shylock shows in contrast the proud consciousness of perfect rectitude, which neither asks nor makes allowances. It will be convenient to describe these two attitudes as those of *mercy* and *justice*. — The first endeavor of Portia, 178–196, is with solemn eloquence to impress on Shylock the beauty and the

necessity of that spiritual attitude already suggested by the Duke. As before, he answers the plea for mercy with a claim for justice. "Law" is the keynote of Shylock's speeches; observe how the word recurs. — Portia, with her usual tact, first wins the Jew's confidence by refusing to "wrest the law," and then follows up the advantage by calling for the bond. Shylock is thus brought close to her; and she takes occasion to speak to him, in a low tone, no doubt unheard by the others (line 221). The highest argument she could use having proved inoperative, she now appeals to his love of money, and is met by a consideration on his part far higher than the love of money, though lower than the love of man. He is bound; he has an oath in heaven; again he stands upon law, though this time it is not the law of Venice. Portia declares aloud that the bond is forfeit; then vainly repeats, in a lower tone, the two expedients that have just failed, with the same result (lines 227–228). She afterward makes two more futile efforts to move Shylock. In line 249 she tries by her question to create a physical shrinking; in lines 251–252 she finally tests the Jew to see how far his notion of strict justice will carry him. She finds that his conception of justice is absolutely literal. Portia's patience and her unwillingness to condemn Shylock prematurely have been very noticeable.

But now she must strike, and she strikes hard. Leading Shylock to the very height of expectation in lines 293, 294, 296, and 297, she suddenly hurls him down. It has been objected that Portia wins by a quibble; but it must not be overlooked that her method is simply the *reductio ad absurdum*. Shylock has urged the letter of the law. Now he shall have his own notion of "justice," more than he desires. Observe that he does not resist. The perfect consistency of his character appears in the single question, "Is that the law?" He then endeavors to recede from this labyrinth step by step; and at every turn Portia meets him by insisting, as he has insisted, upon the letter. It would, however, be against Portia's principles (since these decisions do not really represent her own attitude, but merely travesty that of Shylock) to rest here. She has a more solid basis on which to proceed. She brings forward the law against the contriving alien (342–350), and thus throws Shylock into a position where he must, she thinks, beg for *mercy*. She ends as she began, by emphasizing this idea.